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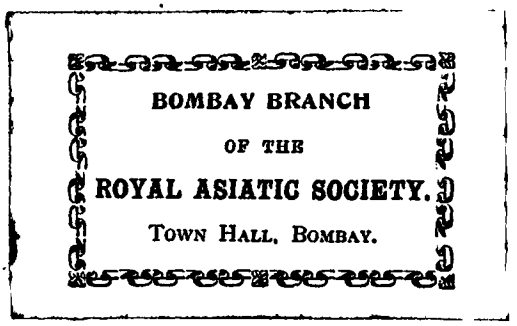

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THE

LAST HALF-CENTURY

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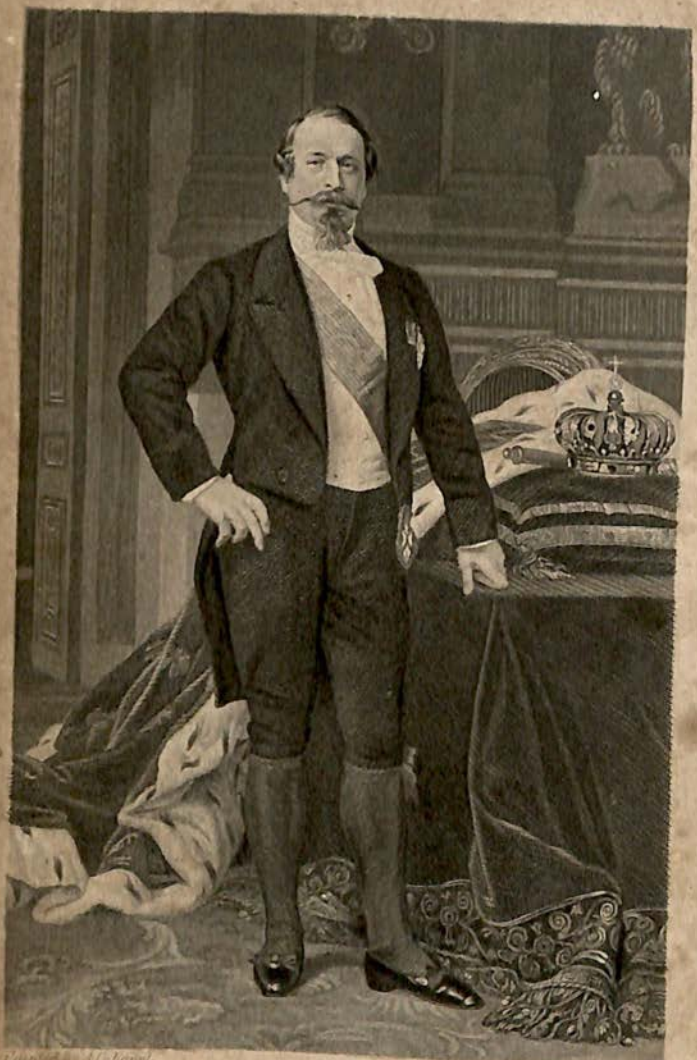

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Napoléon

London Longmans & Co.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

LAST HALF-CENTURY

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BY

COUNT ORSI

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LONDON
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1881

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PREFACE.

THE MARKED FAVOUR bestowed by the public and the press on the papers contributed by me to 'Fraser's Magazine' a short time ago, in furtherance of the object I had in view of rectifying incorrect notions prevailing hitherto in reference to some of the most important events in the life of Prince Louis Napoleon prior to his advent to the Presidency of the French Republic, has encouraged me to include them in this volume, and to add accounts of various affairs in which I have borne a part since 1828, when I became acquainted with Prince Napoleon Louis, the elder brother of the late Emperor, Napoleon III.

I have trusted, not merely to my memory, but mainly to my diary, in which I recorded from day to day accounts of important occurrences and of the

conversations which passed between various persons of note and myself.

I am aware that in the eyes of many I have laid myself open to the charge of dwelling on details having but slight connexion with matters of more general interest. Against this I shall not defend myself, as I write under the conviction that details of a private nature are sometimes more useful to future historians than documentary evidence, which often lacks the insight to unveil the *real* causes to which great events are mainly due.

I wish the reader to understand that I simply narrate what I myself have seen, heard, or done, with a view of recording actual facts as well as opinions and ideas prevailing at that time, upon which I was requested by Prince Louis Napoleon at various times to speak my mind freely.

If the imperfections of this work, of which I am myself conscious, are not compensated in his mind by the perusal of its contents, I hope he will think leniently of them, and kindly make some allowance for my writing in a language which is not my own.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

LAST HALF CENTURY.

On September 28, 1759, Pope Clement XIII. raised Giuseppe Agostino Orsi, of the Dominican brotherhood, to the exalted dignity of Cardinal, in recognition of the eminent services rendered by him to the Holy See, and of the vast learning displayed in his *Storia Ecclesiastica*, a work unequalled for its accuracy of information, to which he had devoted the greater part of his laborious life.

In those days the Church of Rome was, in Italy, the chief source of wealth, consideration, and power. It was generally believed that outside the ecclesiastical ring, there was but a faint chance for gentlemen of good family to promote their own welfare; and so rooted was this conviction, that in almost every family of distinction one of the sons, as a rule, was brought

up to be an *Abate*, in order to have a permanent link with the power of the day.

No wonder, therefore, that I should be pressed to embrace the career which was to ensure me honours and influence. But every attempt to entice me into it proved abortive. I resisted both the entreaties of my family and the seductive prospects of future grandeur held out to me by cunning, clever, and plausible priests. My aversion for it was intense, insurmountable!

Despairing to prevail upon me to go to the Seminary, my mother most warmly begged me to embrace the legal profession, for which I had no great propensity; but so deep was my respect and affection for her, that, yielding to her tender, gentle, but pressing request, I left Florence on September 1, 1824, to repair to the university of Siena, there to devote four years of my life to study the icy intricacies of the law, against which my mind rebelled all the while, as it clashed with my vocation for scientific pursuits.

Notwithstanding my dislike for it, I stood my ground firmly enough, went through all my examinations successfully, and after receiving in 1828 my degrees, hurried back to Florence, on learning that my dear mother was in a very precarious state of

health. Gladdened at my having succeeded in attaining the object she had in view, she rallied a little, but soon relapsed beyond human power to save her life. Her death brought forcibly a change in my resolve. Instead, therefore, of remaining a member of the legal profession, which would probably have been the case had my mother lived, I joined my elder brother in the management of the bank, established many years before by our father, under the name of Donat' Orsi & Co.

It was about that time that Prince Napoleon, the elder son of the ex-king of Holland, the Comte de St. Leu, became one of the largest depositors in our bank, after his marriage with his cousin, Princess Charlotte, the only daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, his uncle (the ex-king of Spain), who retired to America soon after the disaster of Waterloo under the title of Comte de Survilliers.

Partly owing to the frequent opportunities I had of visiting the young Prince on business, and partly owing to the similarity of our views respecting the political events of the day, the Prince and I felt a reciprocal gratification in our intercourse; and this, by growing stronger every day, brought us at last to open our minds more freely on every subject likely to attract our attention.

To any ordinary observer of French politics, it was evident that in the year 1829 the ill-feeling of the people had reached its climax. It had widened the chasm already existing between the country at large, longing for liberty, and the King (Charles X.) contemplating its destruction, to enjoy arbitrary power, and it was not difficult to see that sooner or later a desperate struggle between the two would ensue.

At that time republican principles were not in favour with the nation. The Napoleonic legend was at its highest pitch: it was more than a principle, it was a sort of religion for the people which nothing could dispel. Compressed though it was by threats of fines, imprisonment, or even death, it was ready to burst out at the first opportunity. The son of Napoleon, Napoleon II., the Duke of Reichstadt, still at Vienna, was his living representative. The French people worshipped his very name. The court of Charles X. was in constant anxiety and dread of him. Italy was a volcano. Austria had a complete sway over the Peninsula, and was down at once upon any of the ruling sovereigns who showed the slightest tendency to liberal ideas. Meanwhile the scaffold was doing its work at Bologna, Rimini, and other parts of Italy where the spirit of patriotism had

not sufficient self-possession to avoid committing itself.

The organisation of secret societies, which began in 1821, had developed itself in every part of Italy to such an extent as to form a nucleus in the remotest and poorest villages of the country. As these societies were the only means of communication left to the people, every possible device that could be invented to avoid detection was resorted to by their leaders. Their mode of subdividing their power and of delegating it to sub-committees was so cleverly established, that should the police happen to get a clue to one of them, their information never went further than a given point, beyond which they soon found the link broken, with no possibility for them to grasp at the other end of the chain. Everything was done in the dark. Political news, foreign papers, communications of every kind, were copied on flying sheets by thousands of hands, read in the secret meetings, and distributed over the country by invisible agents, sworn under penalty of death. The most powerful of these societies was that called 'Carbonari,' of which Prince Napoleon Louis and his brother, Prince Louis Napoleon, had become members.

To understand thoroughly the future attitude

of the two Princes in Italian affairs, it is as well that I should give an outline of the divergency of opinion, entertained by patriots of all shades, concerning the means of securing what they called the *Independence of Italy*, a word bearing at that time, as it did some time afterwards, a different meaning from that of the *Unity of Italy*.

For the partisans of the *Independence* of Italy the expulsion of the Austrians from the country by the force of arms or otherwise was not a *sine qua non* condition. They imagined that Italy would consider her aspirations fully complied with if they succeeded in prevailing upon the sovereigns reigning at Naples, Turin, Modena, Florence, and so forth, to grant a liberal constitution to their people, to form a confederation among themselves, and to solicit the Pope to agree to the incorporation of his States into the confederation, of which he, the Pope, would be the President. They deluded themselves with the idea that the joint representations of the sovereigns forming the confederation, coupled with the influential power of the Holy See, would be sufficient to induce the Austrian ruler to give up all interference in the affairs of the Peninsula, and to let Italy and her sovereigns act as they thought best for their common interest. As to the possession by the

Austrians of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, and of the famous Quadrilateral, not a word. It seemed as if the whole of Europe had taken it for granted that the Lombardo-Venetian provinces were indissolubly annexed to the Austrian dominion. Thus the programme of the champions of the *Independence* of Italy was quite different from that set forth by the champions of the *Unity of Italy;* and although it would have been hailed in those days by every true patriot as a great boon, and a great step towards a government more suitable to the progress of the times, still it was far from satisfying the general aspirations of the people, of the rising generation in particular, more ardent, more enlightened, and more daring than that which was on the decline, both as regards energy and intellectual development.

The partisans of the 'Unity of Italy' formed two camps quite distinct, both as regards the means of exciting an insurrection, and the form of government to be afterwards established. Mazzini was the soul and mover of one of them. His programme was a general rise of the people by every possible revolutionary plan, bordering upon a war of extermination, with a view of ridding the country of the ruling sovereigns, and of driving the Austrians from the Lombardo-Venetian provinces.

The establishment of a republic, confederate or otherwise, was to be the crowning of the edifice.

All this was to be accomplished without foreign aid, and in the very teeth of all Europe united against us.

The other camp had the same object in view, but differed on two points of material importance. The first and foremost of the two was to drive the Austrians from the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, even though this was to be accomplished by, or with the assistance of a foreign army; and the second was the necessity of giving to the revolution the leadership of a crowned head, in order to quiet the alarms of foreign powers.

The patriots who advocated the latter programme were acting on the conviction, backed by the experience of a great many years, that it was most erroneous and even criminal to presume that Italy, alone, divided, imperfectly armed, with a population priest-ridden to a frightful extent, without chiefs, without organisation, could succeed in the hard task of driving out of the country a power like *Austria*, who could pour into it 300,000 or 400,000 soldiers in a few hours, and recruit herself in case of defeat behind the Quadrilateral. I said *criminal*, and so it was; because the number of noble victims which

were sacrificed in the pursuit of chimerical plans since 1815 is appalling; and if the sufferings of those martyrs have contributed to keep alive in the mind of the people the hatred against the Austrians and their satellites, it is not the less true that most precious blood has been shed wantonly and without any great practical result. The leadership of the Italian revolution by one of the crowned princes ruling in Italy was also, for this party, a *sine qua non* condition of success.

From whatever point of view the question of the Independence and Unity of Italy was looked at, the difficulty of the undertaking seemed to be tantamount to an impossibility. If we revert to the state of Europe in 1828, to the spirit then pervading all the crowned heads against liberal ideas, to the merciless persecution and cruel treatment the patriots met with at the hands of their oppressors, sanctified for their work by the court of Rome, we shall soon forget the errors of judgment by which so many lives were lost, and be filled with admiration at the faith, perseverance, and heroic courage displayed by them in the pursuit of an object which seemed to go away from us as we thought we were approaching it.

The opinions and views of Prince Napoleon Louis on the Italian question were at variance with

my own. On the evening of August 19, 1829, during a long interview I had with him on the subject, he argued against me in the following way.

'I cannot agree with you,' said he, 'when you contend that what I propose doing towards the *Independence* of the country will not answer the expectation of liberal and moderate patriots. I am in daily communication with my brother Louis,[1] who is at Rome, and from what he writes to me, I can see that the practical solution of the question lies in our advocating by every available means the possibility of an understanding among the different sovereigns of Italy to yield to the aspirations of the populations, and to form a confederation of the different States under the presidency of the Pope. Pray look at the advantages of this combination, which excludes the possibility of civil war, of foreign intervention, of ill feeling between the sovereigns and their subjects. Who will dare to upset by the force of arms a state of things headed by the Holy Father, whose dominions are amalgamated with the rest of Italy? Speak your mind freely. What are your objections to it?'

'Allow me to ask you,' said I, 'by what means you

[1] Afterwards Napoleon III.

contemplate bringing the sovereigns of Italy to adhere to your plan? Is it through the press? There is none! Is it through gigantic petitions from all parts of Italy? For my part, I should not like to put my name to any of them, as I am sure I should be imprisoned for the rest of my life. What will you do in the event of a refusal? Will you excite the population to rise, and to obtain by violent means what they cannot accomplish amicably? What becomes of the Pope?'

'You take the worst view of everything. By so doing we shall never be able to make a step forward. But admitting what you say, why should we not have recourse to violent measures to *force* them to do what they will not otherwise agree to? My name would be of some use if I took an active part in the struggle. I know this to be a fact.'

'I admit that your presence in the ranks of the insurgents will give great encouragement and spirit to the insurrection, but it will not better the position —quite the reverse.'

'Why?'

'Because Austria, fully aware of the influence your name has on the people, will step in at once and crush the insurrection in the bud. She possibly might hesitate to interfere if she saw a real *entente*

between the sovereigns of Italy and the Pope to form a confederate state of the whole Peninsula, with liberal institutions; but on your appearing on the scene, she will hurry to strike a blow before it is too late, and in this she will have France on her side. Pardon me if I speak with some bitterness of Austria, of the Pope, and our rulers, who after all have no will of their own, and dare not move one way or the other before they get leave from Vienna to do so. Your views, which are those of the most enlightened, moderate, and well-to-do portion of the Italian community, are generous, and inspired by that sense of justice and true patriotism which you suppose to exist in the same degree in their hearts and minds. You will find that this is not the case.' So long as Austria has a kreutzer in her coffer and a man alive, she will fight to prevent Italy from being endowed with free institutions, however moderate they may be. Nothing is more contagious than liberty. She dreads it, because she knows that her own people will exact as much. As to the court of Rome, I shall never be made to believe that she will run the risk of losing the support of Austria by joining the confederation.'

'It is all very well for you to set forth all the evils of the situation, but where is your remedy?

By what means do you expect Italy will be made *independent?*'

'Not by half measures, at any rate.'

'What kind of radical measure do you propose? A republic?'

'No.'

'What then?'

'I will tell your Highness what my inner thoughts are in reference to this Italian question, the most intricate, the most difficult to solve that ever history could record. From my earliest youth I have been meditating upon it, and after reading all that was said and done since Dante to make Italy free, I came to the conclusion that there was but little hope for her until some extraordinary event brought a man to the head of a great military power, who, either in his own personal interest, or from reasons of state, should be led to pick a quarrel with Austria, beat her out of the field, and leave the Italians to settle their own affairs without further outside interference. The Italian question now lies in a nutshell—*Austria*—and nowhere else. I am afraid you turn your eyes too much towards Italy, and not enough towards France. I cannot divest myself of the idea that our deliverance will come from that quarter. In what way I cannot say, but in no other

country is public sympathy more vividly called into play than it is in France, whenever they hear of some fresh horrors taking place in the dungeons of Spielberg, Civita Castellana, or Naples. I confess my deep anxiety about your Highness's future prospects being marred by the direction you seem to give to your mind, which I think is not the one I should recommend you to follow in the present state of Europe. You may be called upon by circumstances to play a most important part in France: who knows what may take place? Reserve yourself for contingencies that no man at this moment can foresee.'

'There is in what you say a good deal that deserves consideration, but you appear to forget that Napoleon II. is still living, and that I have no right to anticipate his views, or to put myself forward in his stead.'

'Napoleon, your cousin, is a prisoner at Vienna: you know that he is never lost sight of. Possibly he is unconscious of his being a most important element in the foreign Austrian policy, especially as regards France; and unless the Emperor of Austria has some great inducement to let the Prince cross the frontier, he will never be allowed to do so. It is much to be regretted that the Imperial family never considered it advisable to have in France

a paper well informed and exclusively directed, to keep up in the mind of the people the recollection of the great epoch of glory and greatness to which Napoleon I. had raised the country. Although the people revere the memory of your uncle, the great cause of Imperialism has no representative, no centre of action, no organ to plead in its favour. Should a revolution take place in Paris, there is not a man, just now, that could rally half a dozen gentlemen to establish a Provisional Government on behalf of Napoleon II.'

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when I spoke the last words. The Prince was evidently much fatigued and very thoughtful.

'On what day do you start for London?' said he.

'On Thursday next.'

'Shall I see you again?'

'If your Highness will allow me to call before I leave Florence, I shall feel grateful for the honour.'

MY FIRST JOURNEY TO LONDON IN 1829.

I DO not think that at any epoch of the history of the world the mind of man has been more busy and inquisitive concerning the mysteries of Nature, or more deeply absorbed in discoveries and inventions useful to mankind, than it has been for the last fifty years.

During this interval a striking change has taken place simultaneously, both as regards rapid motion, now so pleasantly indulged in by us all, and the lightning-like speed with which our mind is eager to stride over the space that obstructs its expansion.

Railways and steamers have widened the area of our activity, and enabled us to perform in a day the work of months, of years perhaps; while electricity has wound up society to such a state of excitement as to make it difficult to understand how our forefathers could exist who did not possess these powerful agents.

If any one of the present generation were told that, to go from Florence to London by the means available in 1829, he would have to take a seat in a dusty diligence to reach Marseilles after two days' journey, and to be five days going from Marseilles to Paris, and two and a half days more from Paris to London, at an outlay of 750 francs (30*l.*), he would certainly give himself up to despair or forego the trip altogether. Such was the case in those days for the generality of people, save the wealthy, who could pay for post-horses, driving their own carriages.

Travelling by French diligences was a real torture and very expensive. Besides the discomfort of being packed up in a narrow compartment for days and nights consecutively, without the possibility of turning to the right or left, there was the hateful ordeal of the passports to go through, which we were obliged to exhibit at every stoppage.

My journey to London was looked upon as a great event by my family: all was stir and confusion at home.

Luggage more than sufficient to meet the requirements of *three* among the most punctilious passengers was prepared with the greatest care; and as regards letters of introduction, I had so many both for Paris

and London, that it would have taken me an immense time to deliver them all.

I arrived in Paris on August 26, 1829, after seven days of the most fatiguing journey. My only visit was to the famous banker, M. Jacques Lafitte, who was our correspondent, and who had been so for many years past.

The reception he gave me was most affectionate. He had transacted business with my father, for whom he had always felt the warmest friendship, and 'was very glad,' said he, 'that my journey to Paris offered him the opportunity of doing for me all he could to render it as profitable as possible.' My interview with him was a great event for me. I was facing a man who, besides being one of the wealthiest bankers on the Continent, was the leader of the opposition during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

His high position as a banker, as a liberal, and a thorough gentleman, had inspired universal confidence in his judgment and patriotism; and not only was he respected and esteemed in France, but throughout the world his name stood foremost, as the representative of the opposition to the Royal Government, inimical to the liberties of the people.

Having played a conspicuous part under the Empire as a financier, he made no mystery of his

sympathies for the fallen dynasty, but went no further. His mind, like that of many other distinguished Frenchmen, was at that time imbued with principles and ideas of constitutional government that had sprung up and made their way in consequence of the too long protracted strain put on French society by the late wars. Too far-sighted not to perceive that the country was drifting rapidly towards a revolution, and that there was no hope of bringing the King and his advisers to their senses, he made his intimacy with the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) the pivot of his political movements, a course he bitterly repented having pursued shortly afterwards.

After dwelling some little time on matters relating to the business of the firm, M. Lafitte put a few questions to me respecting the state of Italy.

'Are things,' said he, 'still going on as badly in your country as it is reported in the public papers and in the private correspondence?'

'They are worse than it is represented. Italy is waiting for some great event to take place that will give her the opportunity of attempting another insurrection. It seems impossible that the political state of Italy could remain what it is. Our eyes are turned towards France.'

'Do not rely on the French Government for any assistance, or you will deeply regret having done so.'

'In Italy we look to France, not as she is now, but as we hope she will be ere long. We follow very attentively every phase of whatever goes on here, both in and out of the Chamber of Deputies; and' . . .

Here M. Lafitte interrupted me, and said, 'Is not ex-king Louis, the Comte de St. Leu, residing in Florence? Are his two sons with him now?'

'The eldest, Prince Napoleon, resides with his father. Prince Louis is now in Rome.'

'Do you know them well?'

'I have the honour of being acquainted with the Comte de St. Leu and the Prince his son, both keeping an account at our bank. I happen, however, to be more in communication with Prince Napoleon than with the Comte de St. Leu, owing to the lively interest he takes in Italian affairs, which form the main object of our interviews.'

'Ah! God knows what these two young Princes may be called to, by the course of events. When do you start for London?'

'To-morrow.'

'Let me give you a letter of introduction to Messrs. Coutts. It will serve you. Your firm has informed us of your arrival in Paris, and opened a

credit on your behalf, against which you may draw at any time.'

I thanked M. Lafitte for his kind reception, and after promising him another call on my return from London, I took leave of him, highly pleased with my interview.

On September 3, 1829, at seven o'clock in the morning, I left Paris for London, having secured the previous day (a most essential precaution in those days) a seat in the *coupé*, the best and the dearest of the three compartments into which the diligence was partitioned, with room for three passengers only.

The day happened to be cold, but very fine, and as the ponderous machine was rattling on the pavement with a tremendous noise, made more so by the deafening smacking of the postillion's whip, we were hailed, here by volleys of epithets from low pedestrians who stood in the way, and there by the good wishes of others, better humoured, both being compelled to stop and lie close to the wall, to prevent their being run over. The frame of mind I was in received additional spirit from the fleeting of every object round me, the excitement of the motion, the incidents, and last, though not least, from the smiling countenances with which I was welcomed by my two fellow-travellers in their compartment, a circum-

stance which struck me favourably, as generally speaking the *coupé* was taken, in preference to any other part of the vehicle, at greater expense, for the very purpose of avoiding the company of objectionable people, or of being alone, to enjoy it undisturbed. This good reception on the part of *mes compagnons de voyage*, coupled with my own disposition to look at everything in the most acceptable light, brought an exchange of cards. Mr. Barry (the name on the card) was an Irish gentleman, and Mrs. Barry an English lady, both on their way home from a trip to the south of Italy. They did the honours of the journey to my heart's content, for seeing that I was a foreigner, on my way to London for the first time, they offered to pilot me as long as they remained in town, which with thanks I most gladly accepted. Nothing took place during our journey that is worth noticing, except the keeping up a sympathetic intercourse between Mr. and Mrs. Barry and myself, that became intimate by the time we had reached Calais next day at five o'clock in the afternoon. As the vessel was to sail next morning for Dover at nine o'clock, we had to go to the hotel for the night.

The passage was rather fatiguing, the wind blowing very strong, with a heavy sea. We were three

hours and a half crossing the Channel—we reached Dover about half-past one. My first impression was far from being pleasant. I had been nurtured to the idea of perfection respecting the notion Englishmen had of their own personal dignity, and it will be no wonder if I felt disappointed when, on my reaching the Custom House, I was put between two fellows who endeavoured to discover the contents of my pockets, hat, and even of my boots, by pressing them in every way with their hands. Mrs. Barry and two other ladies were dealt with in the same manner, the only difference being that they were shown into a room, to undergo the operation under the management of a female attendant.

These humiliating proceedings have been done away with ever since the establishment of railways and the great increase in the flow of Englishmen to the Continent and of foreigners to England, coupled with the reduction of duties upon many articles which were a great temptation to smuggling. The only people who benefited by this state of things were the *Informers*, whether they carried on their vocation by order, or *en amateurs*, for in either case they were remunerated in proportion to the value of the goods disclosed. The following anecdote, illustrating the immorality of the practice, took place on

this very occasion. I had the details of the occurrence from the party who had been the victim of it.

Among the passengers who landed on that day from the steamer, there was a gentlemanly looking man and a neatly dressed woman, whose appearance was respectable. While travelling in the diligence from Paris to Calais, she foolishly entrusted to her companion, in the course of conversation, the secret of wearing round her body a large quantity of valuable lace, worth many thousand francs, which she intended to smuggle, and sell in London for a considerable sum.

The man listened to what she said, and after many friendly warnings about the danger she was running, which would cost her the loss of the whole property and a fine into the bargain if detected, he dwelt most minutely on the precautions to be taken by her to avoid this misfortune.

On arriving at the Custom House, the woman was at once searched, the whole of her lace was taken from her, and a heavy fine had to be paid by her there and then, or be committed to gaol. The poor woman was barely left with sufficient means to pay her fare to London.

A few months after my arrival in London I met her in the Strand, when she related to me all that

had occurred at Dover. However, as she did not appear to have broken down under the loss she had sustained, I asked whether she had been more fortunate in her business afterwards, 'which I suppose must have been the case,' said I, 'as you seem to be in very good spirits and quite content.'

'Well,' said she, 'the old adage, "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," proved to be true as regards myself. As one fine evening I was at home, moaning and groaning and crying for the loss of all my lace, the gentleman with whom I had travelled from Paris to Calais called upon me, and sent up word that he wanted to see me on business. I received him in a small parlour, when he asked me whether I had reconciled myself to the loss of my lace; and after a few commonplace remarks on my misfortune, and hopeful prospects of a better future, he gently said:

'"Now, dear madam, let me see whether I can do anything to relieve your present position. Tell me frankly and honestly what is the extent of your loss."

'I stared at him.

'"Do not mind what I say. Simply answer my question."

'I told him the amount of my loss, including the fine I had paid. Without saying a word, he drew

out of his pocket-book a bundle of bank-notes, to which he added several gold pieces, to make up the sum required, and putting it in my hands, said:

'"Allow me to give you this sum of money in compensation of the loss of your property, of which I was the cause, and in acknowledgment of the service rendered to me, unwittingly I am sure. To avoid being searched by the Custom House officers, I turned an 'Informer,' in consequence of which you lost your property and I saved mine; besides making a considerable profit, that enables me to give you now a value for your goods which, however well they might have been sold, you would never have received. Before parting, allow me to recommend you more caution another time when you travel with people whom you know nothing about. May this lesson serve you for the future. It is not likely you will meet with another man so scrupulous as I have been to you."

'In saying this, he rushed out of the room, before I had time to recover from my astonishment or to thank him for what he had done.'

By the time we got clear of the Custom House the stage coach had left Dover for London.

Another coach was to leave Dover at seven in the evening, but Mrs. Barry having an objection to night travelling, we put up at an hotel, purposing to start

by the first coach at eight o'clock next morning, and to that effect we booked at once three places inside, and after sipping a most comfortable tea, retired to our rooms.

Next morning we left Dover at eight o'clock, and reached London about seven o'clock in the evening. We put up at the Craven Hotel, Craven Street, Strand.

To acquire the greatest amount of knowledge about the political, commercial, or social conditions of the country during the eighteen months I was to reside in it, was my main and most cherished object. I found soon enough, however, that I presumed too much on my power to do so. On landing at Dover, I felt as if I had been separated from the rest of the world, and cast helpless on a spot where nothing resembled what I had been accustomed to. When I arose in the morning I fancied I had a leaden cap on my head.

The southern liveliness so natural to me had deserted my frame, to make room for a sudden, thoughtful, inelastic mind, that clashed with my nature and could not be shaken off.

Thus it was that many weeks elapsed ere I found myself fit for any work at all. It was already very trying to have to contend with a harsh climate, un-

palatable food, and a sudden change in almost everything I had been nursed in; but what upset me most unpleasantly was the stiff, icy reception I at *first* met with, in striking contrast with the easy and unceremonious access to private life as practised on the Continent. I felt shocked at the roughness of manners, which led to daily fights in the streets, to the extreme delight of the passers-by, who hastened to form a ring round the two combatants, to see that the play was fairly carried out. I was surprised at the inefficiency of the police, so badly organised, and composed of men stintily paid and generally too old to do their duty well. They were called 'watchmen.' The beat of a watchman was limited, as it is now, to certain streets, from nine or ten o'clock in the evening until dawn, to watch, and bawl, as he went joggling along, the 'time' and the 'weather.'

The first night I slept at the Craven Hotel I heard one of these men shouting under my window, in a slow sepulchral voice, 'Half-past twelve, fine weather!' and he went on repeating it till he reached the end of the street; when some time after another watchman, or probably the same, came again and cried out, 'Half-past one, fine weather!' On inquiring next morning what it meant, I learned that these watchmen were the only force the citizens of London could

rely upon during the night for the protection of their lives and property. I could not help thinking that the authorities could hit upon no better device to warn, in good time, the thieves, burglars, and garrotters, that the watchman had just gone by, to leave them undisturbed in their work.

Among various improvements and changes for the better that have taken place since 1829, I cannot help noticing, for the sake of comparison with the new state of things, what were the arrangements of the Post-Office respecting inland or foreign correspondence.

In that year there were no adhesive postage stamps; no letter-boxes at the stationers' shops; no pillar post in the streets to accommodate the public.

In the West End they must either have gone to the General Post-Office, or else (for foreign letters in particular) they had to wait for the postman, who at 5 P.M. came regularly at a quick pace through the main street, ringing a bell, to warn such of the inhabitants as had letters to post to come out and pop them into his bag, through an opening left for that purpose. One could see at almost every door and window, a woman or man watching for the postman; and those who were too late, were seen running after the red coat, and returning home laughing and breathless from the fun of the chase.

I did my best to turn to my personal advantage the eighteen months I resided in London. The field was vast enough, and the ground to run over full of valuable information. As however the most of it would be irrelevant to the main object of this book, I shall use the privilege of leaping over this space of time, and say that the amount of matter which filled this gap bore chiefly on the life I spent in the best English society both in London and the country, and of which I shall ever retain the most pleasant and grateful recollection. Now I shall bid farewell to the sweet allurements of those charming days, to the bright hopes I indulged in, and to the paths I thought were to be strewn with flowers.

The sunny portion of my life was gone. The dark one was rising on the horizon.

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE OF 1830.

In the evening of July 27 of this year, one of the hottest days in the season, I was loitering in Hyde Park, resolving in my mind how, and by what agency, it would be possible to dissuade the party of action in Italy from having recourse to *revolts*, which always ended in sacrificing the most precious lives in the country. My private correspondence, both from France and Italy, was daily strengthening my conviction that the fire of insurrection would spread all over the surface at the first opportunity, and that such overt manifestations of universal discontent as oozed out, now and then, in both countries, although compressed by iron hands, could but ultimately end in a most desperate struggle. With all that, I was not sanguine of success as regarded my own country, and I clung to the idea that Italy could do nothing alone.

As I was about leaving the park I met a friend

of mine, intimately connected with the Sardinian Legation in London. He came straight to me, and in great excitement said:

'Have you heard of an insurrection in Paris?'

'No; not a word. I remained at home all day, so no wonder I did not, but am not surprised at the news.'

'Let us go to my club,' said he; 'we may possibly meet Count ——, who is one of the *personnel* of the French Embassy.'

On reaching the club, we saw half a dozen members standing on the steps, and talking of the reported events. Their number soon swelled to a crowd, from the addition of those who were going in and of those coming out.

It was not without some difficulty that we could get in to inquire after Count ——, who had left the club a few minutes before. The best we could do under the circumstances was to try and pick some scraps of information by listening to what was said in the four or five groups into which this gathering outside the club was subdivided. Each of these groups was addressed by a speaker. The intelligence received by the first speaker we happened to listen to was, he affirmed, the most accurate and authentic. The King, Charles X., had issued the

ordonnances against the liberty of the press, an attempt at an insurrection had been made in which the Government had had the upper hand. Half-a-dozen scoundrels had been shot, and there the matter ended. The second speaker agreed on the main point of the rising, but said that no one had been shot, that it was but a riot, and the whole a miserable flash in the pan.

The third appeared better informed; at any rate more disposed to allow the wish to be *father* to the thought.

The speaker was a fine fellow, a splendid orator, and more *au fait* of French politics than the rest.

'The Bourbons are done for ever,' said he. 'The *ordonnances* against the liberty of the press were in the mind of the King and his advisers long before this, and the reason why they were put off for a while was their anxiety respecting the expedition against the Bey of Algiers, under Admiral Duperré and Marshal Bourmont. This having now proved to be a grand success, they imagined that the enthusiasm created by this glorious conquest, most flattering to the French arms, would enable the Government the more easily to carry out their wicked design of doing away with the liberties of the nation. But they will be thwarted in their

plan, I hope,' he added, 'and sooner or later they will have to settle their accounts with the French people.'

To follow these different groups in all they said or prophesied would be irrelevant to my object. I will only say that on this very evening (the 27th), and on every one of the four or five successive days, the English public, both high and low, evinced such an interest in the news coming from Paris (through pigeons, the only expeditious way at that time for Englishmen to communicate with the Continent), that, to most unacquainted with English or French politics, this state of public feeling seemed unaccountable. At last it came to be known that after three days of the most desperate fighting, the people of Paris had gained a complete victory over the royal troops; that the King had been escorted to a sea-port; and that everything seemed to be conducted in a most orderly way, although the people had been left armed to the teeth. All I could say to depict the frantic explosion of joy and satisfaction with which this intelligence was hailed in London would be inadequate and much under the mark.

Numerous meetings were held passing votes of congratulation for the French who fought so bravely for the defence of their rights; subscriptions were

opened in every quarter for the relief of the wounded, of their families, of the many orphans (left without resources); nothing was left undone that could show the sense of the people.

The fair sex did not grudge their sympathy.

Ladies were most prominent in the manifestation of their feelings, and everything was made fashionable by them that was tri-coloured—dresses, bonnets, parasols, stockings, ribbons, and a variety of articles impossible to enumerate, came out streaked with the three colours.

A general earthquake could not have shaken and convulsed the Continent to its very foundation more than did the Revolution of 1830.

Every country felt its effects. England itself, the country *par excellence* most adverse to adopting innovations not thoroughly sifted by endless discussions and pondered upon by the public, was not strong enough to stem the wind and tide that seemed to carry her away. The great Reform Bill, under the administration of Earl Grey, was the first echo of the French Revolution, which resulted in the enlargement of the constituencies so much desired by the Liberal party.

Germany, Belgium, Italy, felt the shock, and were roused up to hope for a better future.

At this juncture I foresaw that *realities* could at no distant period replace what I was pursuing as a dream. All I had told Prince Napoleon Louis, and to my political friends, about the state of public feeling in France had begun to take place.

The main object of my journey to London having been attained, I took leave of all those whose hospitality and great kindness had been for the last eighteen months a source of infinite gratification to me, and prepared to start for Paris, when to my utter disappointment and indescribable grief, I learned that, on July 30, Louis Philippe Orleans, propped to popular favour through the influence of General Lafayette and Jacques Lafitte, the two great leaders of the Liberal party, had been proclaimed by the Chamber of Deputies King of the French!

I arrived at Paris on August 3, and found it enlivened by an extraordinary influx of people who had flocked there to inspect the battle field on which despotism and clericalism on one side, liberty and religious freedom on the other, had fought desperately to assert their claim to the government of France.

Just then, of all the colonies of political refugees in the French capital, the Italian was the most numerous and boisterous. Their place of meeting

was the Café du Cardinal, at the corner of the Rue Richelieu and the Boulevard des Italiens.

The persecutions of the Liberals of all shades by the various Governments of Italy had been carried on lately on such a large scale as to give emigration formidable proportions.

England and Switzerland had the largest number; France, Belgium, and a few of the Hanseatic towns had many scattered about.

The roaring of the cannon in Paris and the news of the downfall of the dynasty of Divine Right having roused their hearts to fresh hopes, in they swarmed from all parts of the world to wait for a chance of dealing with their own Government in the same way the Parisians had done with theirs.

Most of them were known to me. I had saved the lives of several of them by hiding them in safe places, and by supplying them with money to effect their escape. Corsica was the nest where young gentlemen of the best families had repaired through me to avoid an ignominious death. My business and private connections with Leghorn enabled me to do much towards this end; like all places addicted to commercial pursuits, Leghorn was patriotic and liberal, and as such, one of the best abettors for things of this kind; and the facility with which, owing to

the sea, political refugees could be smuggled to Corsica, rendered it the most eligible place for such purposes.

Many were the meetings convened by a committee directed to collect every possible information referring to the Italian question.

It was hardly possible for me to avoid attending them, but, when compelled to do so, I never refrained from pointing out the folly and danger of attempting again to raise the standard of revolt against any of the Italian Governments before it was ascertained what the foreign policy of the French Government was.

At one of these meetings I happened to draw upon me the most violent attacks on the part of the partisans of Mazzini, who were numerous, impatient, and carried away by an ardent patriotism, blended with erroneous notions respecting the political education of the country and the material means at our disposal to secure success.

'I must emphatically contend,' said I, 'in opposition to the opinion of anyone else, however high his reputation of patriotism may stand, that any attempt at an outbreak at this moment against any of the existing Governments in Italy would be a criminal folly, unjustifiable, and fraught with disas-

trous consequences. Let us wait, at all events, a few weeks, a few months, in order to see what the new French Government is made of. I do not believe in Louis Philippe's love of liberty or pluck. However, I do not mean to run to rash conclusions. He may turn out a better king than I give him credit for, but I repeat, "let us wait!" Something may happen meanwhile that will throw more light on the situation.'

The storm raised by these words threw the majority of the meeting into a state of frantic rage.

'Your policy,' said one of the most virulent of the set, 'is one of milk and honey; a policy of expectation; a policy which the country could not understand.

'Extreme evils require violent remedies, and when you give out as your opinion that twenty-four millions of Italians cannot, if left to themselves, send all these petty sovereigns about their business, then I maintain that what you say is not worth being listened to.'

'And pray,' said I (putting a break to my patience), 'what will you do if some one else steps in to prevent your carrying your programme?'

'And pray,' retorted he, 'who will dare to interfere?'

'Austria!'

'We are a match for her!' returned the speaker.

At these words the meeting rose almost to a man, to protest against what they called my lukewarm patriotism, and acting up to their words, they instructed the secretary to put on record the resolution of the meeting, that measures should be taken without further delay to collect funds for purchasing arms and defraying the travelling expenses of those who were willing to enlist as volunteers for the national cause.

The better to initiate the reader into the causes which originated most of the events recorded in this book, I think it will not be considered out of place to make a few remarks on the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne of France.

It was quite natural that the wars of the first Republic and Empire should have worked such a strain on the nerves of the French people as to give them a longing for peace, at least for some time to come. The ideas of liberty and self-government advocated by philosophers and politicians, before and since 1789, had been put aside for a while, to afford full scope to the warlike spirit which the safety of the country required being kept up to a proper standard.

As the disasters befel the Imperial arms, the blast of liberty, which had been kept in check, blew with such irresistible force as to compel the Emperor himself to give in, by granting the *Articles Additionnels*, which were a slight step in the direction of constitutional government.

Although Louis XVIII. had been brought back to France by the aid of foreign bayonets (a fact which was never forgiven to any of the Bourbons), still his granting the *Charte* to the French people, acted to a certain extent in his favour, and had he boldly and in good faith followed a true liberal policy, we may reasonably suppose that France would have been spared the many trials she has gone through for so long.

Under an apparent tranquillity which was misconstrued into a general satisfaction, there was still a complete misunderstanding between the bulk of the nation and the small number of statesmen, journalists, leaders of opposition, and *tutti quanti*, who were inoculated with the fixed idea of establishing constitutional government in France. Let it be understood that I only mention this *désaccord* as a fact which was fraught with consequences that no one believed in or took heed of.

The Napoleonic legend was as strong and firmly

rooted in the country as ever, and reached its climax when the feelings of love and admiration for the Emperor culminated into a general mourning at the thought that he was cast as a martyr on a far-away rock never to appear again!

So true was this, that Louis XVIII., who was a clever man, hastened to give some kind of satisfaction to the yearnings of his people by surrounding himself with marshals, generals, and other high civil officials who had served under the Empire with distinction.

The history from 1815 to 1830, if read with impartiality, is a proof of what I say, viz., that during those fifteen years a wide chasm had constantly existed between the governing classes and the bulk of the French people, a chasm which would easily have been filled up if the former, headed by the Sovereign, had yielded in proper time to the longing of the nation, greedy for reasonable progress in the way of liberty, the only panacea by which the recollection of a glorious past could have been made to grow weaker every day, if not forgotten altogether.

Charles X. ascended the throne after the death of Louis XVIII. Under his reign matters went from bad to worse every day, until at last the

Revolution broke out and swept away the dynasty like chaff before the wind. Béranger, the immortal poet of the people, had been at work for fifteen years to dig the grave of the two last kings of the Bourbon line.

When a man has taken to indulge in the pursuit of some favourite idea and made it his hobbyhorse, he generally ends by assimilating it with a tenacity of purpose fostered by his peculiar nature, his character, or his education; theory is his only guide —what is applicable to one case must be good for another. Public opinion goes for nothing to warn him that he is wrong, he is closeted with his own fancies, and imagines that every living soul must think as he does.

This remark is applicable to the majority of deputies, statesmen, and liberals, who took upon themselves to decide how and by whom the country was to be governed after the people had made away with Charles X.

Louis Philippe was elected King of the French by the Chamber of Deputies, regardless of what could possibly be the feeling of the country. Louis Philippe's acceptance of the throne at the hands of those who had no authority to confer it was the

main weak point, the original sin, that told against him during his reign. The misunderstanding between the governing classes and the people which had existed under the Restoration became intensified every day. The deputies acted in accordance with their ideas, the majority of the Liberal party in accordance with their principles; their views being identical, they must be right in what they did, whether the people approved or not; so they argued. But they overlooked the fact that the Napoleonic legend had outlived these petty intrigues, and had been sufficient to create an army of combatants in the capital, ready to shed their blood in the expectation, nay, in the firm belief, that one of the members of the Imperial family, or some of those who had been raised to honours and wealth by the Emperor, would come forward to form a provisional government on behalf of the son of Napoleon, the Duke de Reichstadt, then at Vienna. The conspiracy headed by Louis Philippe and his friends had the upper hand. The people were coaxed, gradually disarmed, and a National Guard established. In less than three months Louis Philippe had lost most of his pristine popularity, which he expected to recover by having recourse to a bold stroke of policy. His Government proclaimed the principle of non-intervention, which

meant that France would not only refrain from interfering with the internal affairs of other States, but would oppose by force of arms any attempt on the part of any other power to venture doing so. Louis Philippe had a three-fold object in view in proclaiming this principle. The first was to rid Paris of a numerous contingent of refugees of every nationality; the second to retrieve popular favour, which in France is never grudged to any Government showing a spirited policy abroad; and thirdly, to foment insurrections here and there, so as to divert for a time the attention of the country from himself and his Government. This unforeseen step, which had no precedent in history, struck a deadly blow to the heart of every potentate—of Austria in particular—while it raised the hopes of the people in every country to the highest climax. Belgium was the first to rise against Holland, and to proclaim its independence; Poland and Italy did the same. It was sheer waste of time to exhort the Italian patriots to prudence and caution. Any attempt to force warnings about the genuineness of this warlike attitude of the French Government was construed into pusillanimity and fear. To let out the suspicion, even the slightest hint, that it might possibly be a bonfire to blaze for a time, with a view

to attain an end which could not as yet be defined, was tantamount to being looked upon as a deserter of the national cause. The bewilderment was so great that I had to give in myself, and follow the tide, despite the reluctance of my mind to sanction the dictates of my heart. Previous to my starting for Florence with instructions to the various committees scattered all over Italy, I had a long interview with General Lafayette, then the Commander-in-chief of the National Guard of the kingdom. The general gave me the most positive assurance that the French Government meant to have the principle of non-intervention respected, and that no time should be lost for oppressed nationalities to rise, and assert their own right to a good and liberal government. After giving me a letter for M——, one of the most respected and liberal men in Florence, I left Paris with a few friends, whom I had to part with at the frontier, as they would have been arrested had they attempted to cross it before an insurrection had broken out somewhere that could facilitate their stealthily joining the forces of the insurgents.

I reached Florence towards the latter part of September, after a tedious journey, marked by no incident worth noticing. I found that the excite-

ment produced by the French Revolution, far from having subsided, had kept a steadier level than I had expected. I was actually harassed by all parties to report what I had seen or heard in Paris. The local papers being silent except on what the authorities allowed to be made known, there was actually a dearth of the most important events of the day. Hence the greatest anxiety to learn from me what was the real state of affairs, especially as regarded the foreign policy intended to be pursued by the French Government.

The Comte de St. Leu (ex-king of Holland) requested me to call upon him as soon as possible, which I did. As a rule the Comte was very chary about politics. Literary pursuits had ever been his favourite craving. In the whole course of his life he had shown a great aversion for political strife, partly owing to the state of his health, which was rather delicate, and above all, to his quiet and simple nature, which made him always prefer the dulness and monotony of retirement to the bustle of the political world. I was therefore rather surprised at his hurried way of putting questions to me respecting the French Revolution, which were so numerous and so varied as to make me feel positively at a loss how to satisfy him.

'Were you in Paris,' said he, 'when the Revolution broke out?'

'I was not, M. le Comte. I arrived there on August 3, but during the two months I have spent in Paris I have gathered a good deal of information about it.'

'Tell me what your impression is regarding the spirit in which the Revolution was effected by the people of Paris?'

'My impression is that the *ordonnances* against the liberty of the press were the spark that set fire to the gunpowder, and that more, indeed, was not required to raise the storm that swept away the dynasty, in the frame of mind the people were in at that time. The people rushed to do the work of destruction, feeling it to be a duty to do so, in defence of their liberties, but when the work of reconstruction had to be gone through it was adroitly taken up by those who stepped forward to do it (on the danger being over) without consulting the wishes of the country. The Liberal party in France is, as you well know, divided into two distinct classes. The first is imbued with principles of constitutional government as framed in the *Charte* granted by Louis XVIII., and their leader is Jacques Lafitte. The second is composed of Liberals of a deeper

dye, with a tendency to Republicanism, and they have General Lafayette as their chief. The Duke of Orleans has drawn almost the whole of the Liberals to his side by fifteen years of persevering cajoleries and promises, and being on the spot pending the Revolution, has been able, through well paid agents, to make the *bourgeoisie* believe that he was the right man to elect. The Liberals, believing in his honesty, have sided with him. But the people knew nothing about the Duke of Orleans. They were no party to the conspiracy. The misunderstanding was evident. The people fought in the hope that a provisional government, representing the Imperial dynasty, would have been formed, while the Liberals urged them to fight for the *Charte*, without telling them who was screened behind it.'

'But supposing,' added the Comte, 'the country had been called upon to say, Republic, Constitutional Monarchy, or Empire, which of the three do you think would have come out of the poll?'

'I have no hesitation in saying that had a provisional government been established to represent Napoleon II., the country would have acquiesced in any form that would have secured the regular working of liberal institutions, without which, nowadays, it

is impossible for any Government to hold long in France. The Republican form has just now very few partisans, owing to recollections which are still vivid in the minds of the people, especially in the provinces; yet I contend that it would have been accepted under the presidency of one of the Imperial family, so strong is the feeling still existing for the name of Napoleon. During my stay in Paris I could ascertain how keenly the want of a central permanent committee of respectable gentlemen, representing the political interest of the Imperial family, and advocating through the press the Imperial rule with liberal institutions, was universally felt, and I am of opinion——'

The Comte de St. Leu, interrupting me, said:

'There were a great many in Paris who owe everything to my brother; honours, wealth, political standing. Why did they not put themselves forward to do what you propose? We always thought that to keep a political focus in Paris, which would have been construed by our enemies into plotting conspiracies against the existing Government, was not the right thing for us to do. We will not excite to civil war. We are ready to serve France, but under the reserve of being recalled from our exile and

offered to be placed at the head of the Government, whatever its form may be.'

The tone in which the last words were uttered was bitter and animated. He paused a few minutes. I seized the opportunity to say:

'It is a fact, and a most honourable one, M. le Comte, that the attitude of the Imperial family, since the disaster of Waterloo, has been noble and full of self-abnegation. It has commanded respect in every part of the world, whether the State that gave them hospitality was a republic, a kingdom, or an empire. There is no denying it. But how far their reminding in a legal way the country of the glory and prosperity it enjoyed under the Emperor could have clashed with their self-respect, is a thing which rests entirely with personal feelings and opinions. However, I beg leave to remark, M. le Comte, that political questions are not always gauged by strictly moral considerations of the kind you have been actuated by, and which are beyond the comprehension of the people; besides, is it sure the Imperial family would have acknowledged the self-assumed authority of any committee professing to represent them and having no power to that effect? I doubt it. I should even venture to say that there was some danger for the future political prospects

of the Imperial family in the fact of some unauthorised person starting a paper professing to uphold principles possibly injurious to their cause, and likely to force upon them a disavowal of both the promoter and the ideas he advocates. Pray consider the confusion such an event would create in the mind of the people, and the harm it would do to their cause, if, for instance, it came to a dead lock and ceased to appear, from insufficient means to provide for the regular working of the paper.'

'There is some truth in what you say, and curiously enough I received this very morning a letter from Paris, stating that a cavalry officer, by name Count Lennox, had just issued a newspaper called "La Révolution de 1830," purporting a revival of the Imperial rule under Napoleon II. with liberal institutions, and attacking the present Government with the greatest virulence. Did you hear of it while in Paris?'

'I did; but my brother having summoned me to Florence rather suddenly, I lost the opportunity of being introduced to that gentleman, as promised by a friend of mine. However, I read the daily issues of the paper, which seemed to be met with general favour, as the policy it upheld was conservative and liberal at the same time. All I know about Count

Lennox is, that during the reign of Charles X. he had shown a great spirit of opposition, to which he owed his popularity amongst his brother officers. He was spoken of in Paris as being an excellent cavalry officer, very wealthy, and having a stock of knowledge, both in politics and science, that rendered him a conspicuous enemy to Louis Philippe's Government. He was Commander of the "Ecole de Saumur" at the time the Revolution broke out, but on his taking the editorship of that paper he hastened to send in his resignation, which was accepted.'

'Do you know who his political friends are?'

'I was assured that he was on very friendly terms with General Lafayette, Audry-de-Puyraveau, and other leaders of the Republican party, but the tendency of his paper is decidedly Imperialist. Napoleon II., or a provisional government acting in his name, is the culminant point of his policy.'

'Ah! God knows what is in store for that poor boy! I am afraid Austria will keep him under strict *surveillance* in Vienna for a long time, if not for ever.'

'I am of the same opinion,' M. le Comte. 'The Duke of Reichstadt, while in the hands of Austria, is the great pivot on which turns the whole foreign policy of the empire, and that is particularly true

as regards France. It is generally believed that Louis Philippe will prove a most formidable bugbear for Europe, on account of his Revolutionary hue. They are mistaken. Should he venture to push matters further than (in the eyes of the other powers) is necessary to give some kind of satisfaction to the spirit of the times, Austria will soon check him by sending Napoleon II. to the French frontier under an escort of half-a-dozen soldiers.'

'Indeed I believe such would be the case. There is no saying what will take place the next few months. Italy is a volcano. I apprehend some great catastrophe. My son is unfortunately connected with most of the leaders of the Liberal party, and I dread the consequences of his love for this country. I wish I could prevail upon him to avoid committing himself in any foolish enterprise, doomed beforehand to a miserable end. He wants to see you, I know, so please call upon him as you go downstairs. He will be very glad to gather from you such particulars of the French Revolution as it is in your power to give him. By-the-bye, has this Revolution brought any change in your business? I have heard of many disasters having occurred by which most respectable firms have been brought to grief. I hope you have been spared.'

'I am sorry to say, M. le Comte, that our firm has been sorely tried by the late events. Three failures of the oldest and best established bankers in Italy, two in France, and one in England, have caused us irreparable injury. We are afraid that further complications may interrupt for some time our communication with foreign countries, with England in particular, in which case we should be driven into a corner.'

'I hope you will be able to hold your ground. You have all my sympathy, and may rely on my good wishes.'

MY INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE NAPOLEON LOUIS.

PRINCE NAPOLEON LOUIS was remarkably handsome; somewhat taller than a middle-sized man, he was in shape and gait perfection. An expression of great intelligence and sweetness, a keen look in his eyes mingled with simplicity and kindness that was most fascinating, had made him the idol of Florentine society and the pet son of the Comte de St. Leu. His education had been carefully attended to, and his stock of knowledge and proficiency in classics, foreign languages, and in sciences particularly, had brought the most eminent men in Florence to court his acquaintance and friendship.

In manly and bodily exercises he had no equal, but in none did he excel so conspicuously as in horsemanship, for which he had an uncontrollable predilection.

Determined to the utmost stretch of his powerful

mind, familiar with danger and hardships, strong willed and unchecked by fear, the Prince was a hardy tilter to deal with in matters upon which he had decided to stand or fall.

I was aware of his opposition to my views, and I was afraid that the turmoil of the French Revolution would so far excite his vivid imagination as to make my representations of little or no avail. Still, deeply impressed with his father's anxiety about him, I felt it doubly my duty to do all I could to dissuade him from venturing into any rash enterprise.

On my being shown into the library, I found the Prince stretched over a large map of Italy, displayed on the carpet, and intent upon measuring the distance between the localities in the Romagna which he considered to be the most appropriate for strategic purposes. Rising on his knees from his recumbent position, the Prince gave me his hand and shook mine in a most cordial way, and begged I would allow him a few seconds to put a computation to rights, lest it should slip out of his memory. In the interval I cast my eyes round the room, and among a variety of books, drawings, and arms, some of which were hung on the wall, I saw a model of an aerostat to which was fitted some mechanism the object of which was evidently to revolve two archi-

medean screws fixed to the two sides of the car with a view to propel it. The apparatus was very ingeniously got up, and the idea quite original.

As I was admiring and examining it, the Prince got up, and coming to where I stood, said:

'Well! what do you think of it?'

'I find the application of the screw quite a novelty, and as far as I can judge, most efficient for propelling it, if rapidly revolved. I object however to the form of the aerostat being round.'

'I agree with you,' said the Prince; 'I go farther, and say that what are called balloons, of whatever shape, will be ultimately done away with, when a motive power light and cheap is discovered that will make a man in the air to be assimilated to a bird and not to a fish. But enough of that; we have other matters to discuss at present.

'Now,' said he, pointing to a sofa on which we both sat down, 'let me ask you a few questions. To begin with, when did you arrive from Paris?'

'The day before yesterday.'

'You have already seen my father, have you not? How could he so soon have heard of your arrival?'

'Most likely he heard of it at the Bank where he sent for money. I have just left him. I was struck with the interest he seemed to take in the events that

have lately occurred in France, a subject he usually refrained from dwelling upon. He apprehends great disturbances everywhere, in Italy most particularly, and makes no secret of his great anxiety about you.'

'Ever since your departure for England,' said the Prince, 'the tide of national feeling has been swelling slowly, but without interruption, throughout Italy, and the French Revolution has given a new and irresistible start to the aspirations of the country. Reforms more or less willingly assented to by the ruling powers in Italy would not be considered sufficient. We want more than that. At no epoch of Italian history were circumstances more favourable to make Italy free and independent than they are now.'

'Will you kindly tell me on what foundation rests your opinion?'

'On the French Government proclaiming the principle of non-intervention, which checks the action of the Austrian Government and gives free scope to the Italians to settle their own affairs as they think best. And you wonder at my believing that the deliverance of Italy is now more than ever in our hands! I will confide to you what I know to be a positive fact. One of the reigning Princes (I am

not as yet at liberty to mention his name) will shortly take the initiative in a proposal, with the object of forming a Confederation of such States of Italy as will adhere to it; and it is expected that all will consent to form part of the projected independent State, ruled by a constitution framed by and common to all. Should the scheme prove successful, Rome will be the capital of the Italian Confederation, discharging its duties under the supreme presidency of the Pope. Secret but active negotiations have been progressing most satisfactorily up to this day. The principle of non-intervention has been the starting point on which the whole plan is resting. Austria being thus checked, nothing will mar the expectations of the country. When the time comes to join our exertions for securing success, I will lay before you all the particulars, and the way we mean to go to work.'

This unexpected declaration on the part of the Prince made me speechless. He remarked my silence and said:

'You do not appear to be pleased with what is being done to obtain our object?'

'I confess I am not,' said I; 'and what renders me utterly miserable is to see you, Prince, carried away by a patriotism, most praiseworthy assuredly,

but unguarded against promises and allurements, which in my opinion are captious devices, set forth to gain time for some foul purpose, and in which I have no faith whatever. The principle of non-intervention would certainly be our salvation if honestly carried out and acted upon; but believe me, this will *never* be. Louis Philippe is not the man to risk his long-coveted throne in a war with Austria. He will give in at the first summons of the Austrian premier. He will become cowed. Austria will sweep us away before we are in the battle-field, and the French King will be the better for his treacherous policy. When in Paris I had an interview with General Lafayette on this very subject. I am confident he was true and honest in the assurances he gave me of the intentions of the French Government to have the principle of non-intervention respected, but I was not shaken in my convictions that we should be left to fight our own battle in the best way we could. General Lafayette has been coaxed into pledging himself to a policy which is the negation of his past career. From being the leader of the extreme Liberal party, he has allowed himself to be made the accomplice of a policy adverse to the principles he has professed all his life. He will regret, just as M. Lafitte shortly

will, the sacrifice he has made of his straightforward political situation and popularity, to prop the power of a man whose first step will be to get rid of him as soon as his services are not required to strengthen his position. What I have told my friends, I openly and unreservedly tell you, namely, that I do not consider it safe or conducive to any result, that we should on such hollow promises raise an army and foster an insurrection, the end of which will be failure and the loss of precious lives. As regards your personal interference in the Italian cause, I must emphatically say that it will do no good to the country you wish to benefit. Austria will rejoice at it of course, because it will offer her the opportunity of saying to the French Government, "I might have possibly respected the principle of non-intervention in Italian affairs so long as Italians alone were concerned in them; but here is a Prince, a Bonaparte, taking an active part in the insurrection, which owing to his name may take unexpected proportions, how can I remain impassible and refrain from crushing it in the bud? The Prince may become a very popular leader, and as such a formidable enemy even to yourself eventually. Under these circumstances, I march my troops against the rebels, whether you like it or not."'

'I am very sorry to see you in this frame of mind at this most important juncture of the Italian cause. Your conception of Austria seems to dim your judgment. I have great faith in our strength, at any rate I have pledged my word to my political friends to stand by them in the hour of danger, and that I shall and will do, whatever may be the consequences.'

'I will say no more, Prince, on the course you seem determined to pursue, and pray forgive me the liberty I have taken in opposing your views with the stubbornness of a rooted conviction. Whatever I do, I cannot divest myself of the idea that at no very distant period France will do away with the Bourbons altogether, and that you are the only man upon whom most likely will devolve the duty of one day exercising the supreme power in the name of Napoleon II., or eventually in your own. Then your assistance would be most valuable to the unification of Italy.'

'Do not for a moment think that I take amiss your opposition to my views. I like controversy, and never dispute the right of anyone to speak his mind freely. There is much good in what you said in my interest, although I fear you are labouring under certain illusions. Respecting the duration of the

present régime in France, we will revert to it at a more expedient time; at present we have other matters to attend to. In a few days I will let you know what we mean to do. I am waiting for my brother, with good news from Rome.'

I took leave of the Prince, ostensibly in good spirits, but inwardly most sorrowful.

In the evening of February 15, reports were circulating in Florence that a formidable insurrection had broken out in the Romagna, and that the papal authorities had been made prisoners in, or had fled away from the localities where the insurgents had the upper hand. On my returning home at night I found a letter from Prince Napoleon, requesting me to call upon him next morning without fail, which I did.

'I hope,' said he, 'that you were pleased last night to learn the success of our friends in the Romagna. This is the opening of the campaign, to be followed by an event of greater importance, and of which I promised you the particulars. The Duke of Modena is at the head of the national movement. Ciro Menotti, his friend and confidential agent, is working with him to excite revolutions in every part of Italy, to drive the different ruling princes out of the country, and then

to amalgamate their dominions with the Duchy of Modena, and proclaim the Duke King of Italy. Menotti is acting in perfect accord with Louis Philippe, on the basis of the principle of non-intervention.

'We may now go headlong into the movement with certainty of success. The brother of Ciro Menotti arrived last night, bearer of excellent news. Four delegates have also come from other parts of the country to devise the best means of connecting the movement at Modena with those in other parts of Italy. I made your house our place of meeting as the safest. We shall meet at nine o'clock to-morrow night. My brother will be with me.'

'How do you mean to deal with the Pope?' said I.

'I have no doubt he will go hand in hand with the Duke. We shall know something more about it to-morrow night.'

The day fixed for the meeting which was to take place at my house began under very unhappy auspices both for Italy and myself. Early in the morning it was rumoured the Austrians had been sending reinforcements to the fortress of Ferrara for several nights. Ferrara formed part of the papal dominions, but the Pope had given the Austrians the right to garrison

the fortress commanding the town, with a strong force ready at hand.

This mustering of Austrian troops on the very borders of the insurgent provinces augured no good for us. It was evident we were fast approaching a most formidable crisis. Business was at a standstill. Florence, formerly the place of rendezvous of distinguished English, Russian, and French families, had been deserted, and left dull and anxious. The news we received on that day of numerous stoppages of payment and bankruptcies of the highest leading firms in several parts of Italy were so appalling as to leave us but a slight hope that our bank could hold its ground any longer, having had no prospect of friendly assistance to fall back upon. Our losses were very heavy already. Ruin and misery were threatening me in the spring of my life, whether the insurrection was successful or not. In either case it was bad enough, but still more so if it became a failure, as I should be obliged to escape to avoid being arrested or shot by the Austrians, bent upon availing themselves of their easy victory to thin the ranks of the Liberals by all possible means. It was in this dejected and spiritless frame of mind that I attended the meeting convened by Prince Napoleon Louis at my house on the night of February 26,

at which were present his brother Prince Louis Napoleon, Ciro Menotti's brother, three delegates from various provinces, and myself.

The clock had just struck nine when Prince Napoleon and his brother, accompanied by Menotti, entered the room. A few minutes after, the three delegates arrived, and were introduced to the two Princes and me by Menotti, whose friends they were.

'Gentlemen,' said Prince Napoleon, 'we have met here this evening for the purpose of concerting matters in reference to the plan to be adopted definitively for a common mode of action in the insurrection that has begun in the Romagna, and which I hope will soon extend to all parts of Italy. Circumstances appear to favour our undertaking. From what I know, I have no hesitation in saying that I never felt so assured of success as I now do, and I also feel confident that the explanations our friend Menotti will give us in the name of his brother respecting the insurrectionary forces already in action, and the support, quite unexpected, upon which we may rely, will bring home to you the conviction that it is now the time for us to act up to our words. I will now leave to Menotti to lay before you the plan that must bring us safe to the haven so long desired and never attained!'

Deeply penetrated both with the gravity of the situation and with the importance he attached to the success of his mission, Menotti kept our attention rivetted to the subject in a most impressive speech, of which the following is the compendium, faithfully recorded by me after the breaking up of the meeting.

'The prospects,' said he, 'for our national emancipation which current events seem to make brighter than they ever were at any time of our struggles, are, I regret to say, most unexpectedly marred by the discrepancy of views which divides the Liberals as to what is to be done under existing circumstances. Some will maintain that nothing can be attempted now with any prospect of success, and advocate complete abstention. Others are willing to share the responsibility and dangers of an insurrection, but imagine the proper time for it has not yet arrived, while a third party of which my brother is the mind and arm, and whose views are, I do not hesitate to say, identical with those of the majority of the people, insist and urge for immediate action, lest lukewarm suggestions or *mezzo termine* schemes should have time to spring up for cooling the first ardour of enthusiasm so essential to a popular rising. In deputing me to meet at Florence the Prince and

the delegates from other parts of Italy, my brother gave me the following instructions, and put but one reserve to what I thought would be desirable for you to know before you took an active part in it. First and foremost, he instructed me to lay before you the plan elaborated by him in complete accord with the man who has willed to head the national movement. The form of government to be established hereafter is not even mentioned. A war of independence needs only dictatorship. This will be exercised by the Prince who stakes his throne and life upon the enterprise. Gentlemen, let it be announced at once. The leader of our revolution is the Duke of Modena. He alone can make us an independent nation. Independence is the first object every real patriot must have in view; libera institutions will follow afterwards. The understanding between the Duke of Modena and my brother is complete, and the King of the French is secretly abetting all that is concocted for a war against Austria, under protection of the principle of non-intervention solemnly proclaimed by him. The only information I am bound to withhold from you, and which from its delicate and underhand working nature must not and cannot be disclosed, refers to the negotiations pending between the

Duke and the other Princes of the Peninsula, in view of a Confederation to be formed between them both for an offensive and defensive purpose. The knowledge of what is elaborated with that object would not further much, if it did at all, the great point at issue, namely, first, what help, financially speaking, can my brother rely on before he begins to act? He has already secured by patriotic gifts a sufficient sum of money to meet several unavoidable outlays. As he wishes to increase that fund he has volunteered personal sacrifices, and appeals now through me to you for whatever you can put at his disposal. Of the money so raised, he requires little or nothing for the work he has to do. The whole, or most of it, has been or will be sent, as soon as collected, to the little army of insurgents in the Romagna, which numbers between 10,000 and 12,000 men, some of whom are badly armed. Secondly, is Tuscany prepared to follow the movement which is being prepared, and if so to what extent? Our forces in Romagna are commanded by Armandi, a good soldier and true patriot, but they lack proper direction. I need not dwell any longer on the details of what is going to be performed elsewhere. I wish to have an answer to my queries before I start. To-day is

February 26. On the 4th of next month the rising is to take place simultaneously in the Duchies of Modena, Parma, Piacenza, and extend as far as it is possible, until we join the forces already manœuvring in the Romagna. Bear in mind, gentlemen, that the whole plan rests on a fact which cannot be questioned now—*the principle of non-intervention.* Austria is shut up in her fortresses; she is forbidden to move. She is doomed to be the simple spectator of what we do. Such an event could never have been hoped for, or even dreamed of, by the most sanguine on earth. If we let this opportunity escape without making a desperate attempt to free our country, posterity will be right in its judgment to stamp the Italians with the stigma of "cowards" and "slaves!"'

Exuberantly pleased at hearing Menotti propound his own views and those of his brother so vividly and in such perfect unison, the Prince turned to me as though he had taken it for granted that I had been converted to them by the patriotic speech of his friend.

'Have you anything to say?' asked the Prince.

'I have, your Highness,' said I; 'and although my task is most painful and liable to be misconstrued, still I shall not fail to give utterance to

what I consider to be my duty, namely, to discountenance the projected insurrection as useless, and fraught with the most serious consequences. I have no hesitation in repeating to you, and before the whole world, that the so-much-vaunted principle of *non-intervention* is a decoy, which its originator means to render serviceable to other purposes. I do not believe in it. Louis Philippe, though possibly a good king in ordinary times, is too wise to make a stand against Austria, and possibly against the whole of Germany, for the sake of supporting by the force of arms a principle from which he can derive no benefit whatever. He is not a man to risk the throne he has coveted for so many years by throwing down the gauntlet to a first-class Power on behalf of any nationality. You know my opinion on the subject, and nothing can alter it. I emphatically condemn the present attempt at insurrection, which must assuredly end in a useless waste of life, and in a harsher treatment of the vanquished by the very Princes who have seemingly made common cause with the people. When I heard our friend Menotti lay bare before us that the pivot upon which the whole frame is to turn for achieving our independence is *the King of Modena*, I confess I felt my blood congealing within me at the startling news.

The Duke of Modena! But do you know who the Duke of Modena is? Have you not read the history of his doings since he ascended the throne of Modena? There is not a man or child, friend or foe, not a country, however far away it may be, that has not heard of his standing the most conspicuous champion of absolutism, cruelty, and lust for money. His wealth is equal to the greediness of his nature. His blind subserviency to the will of Austria and to the bigotism of Rome is notorious, and how your brother can have pinned his faith to the liberalism of the Duke and made him the leader of the Italian resurrection, I am at a loss to understand. Tell him that the Duke is a master in treachery, not to be relied upon, and ready to sacrifice his best friend to save his throne. Tell him that he is completely mistaken in the assumption that Austria will stand quietly a looker on of what is taking place in Italy, and let him bear well in mind the responsibility and grief that will overwhelm his chivalrous nature at the wanton loss of so many lives should the insurrection prove a failure, which I dread it will. I am aware that my opinion will be construed into an excuse for my not taking part in the projected movement; but I am not to be deterred by that from speaking my mind freely, regardless of

the approval or disapproval of those whose convictions I do not share. When the right time arrives for me to give my life for my country I shall not fail to do my duty, but not till then. As regards Florence, do not expect any rising worth mentioning. The people are not sufficiently dissatisfied with the government of the Grand Duke to be prevailed upon to rise against him; besides, they have no arms, and any attempt at insurrection would soon be put an end to. As regards the financial help your brother requires, I am willing to do all in my power to answer his expectations, and, addressing the Prince, I said, I will gladly meet your views on the subject, and do the needful.'

One of the most remarkable features of this meeting was the complete silence of Prince Louis Napoleon (the late Emperor Napoleon III.). He had just arrived from Rome, and the information he was to give us concerning the real position and plan of the insurrectionary forces already in the field was the very thing I had been anxiously awaiting. Not a word was uttered by him. I could not account for it, nor did I deem it advisable to appear to notice it. My last words made everybody speechless for a while. Menotti got up first, and plucking up his hair in a feverish state of animation, began

pacing the room, muttering words that were only heard indistinctly by us. Prince Napoleon followed him, evidently to soothe the impression left on his mind by what I had said, and also to make some arrangements respecting the money required.

The Prince called me to him in the presence of Menotti, and asked me what amount I could dispose of. I said that under the circumstances I could not command more than 5,000*l.* The Prince said, 'That will do; I will add 10,000*l.* to it.' Menotti was pleased, and made arrangements with the Prince to get the money next morning, after which he would start to meet his brother at Modena.

'Before we part, my dear Menotti,' said I, holding both his hands in mine, 'let me say a few words more. I grieve for giving utterance to what at this momentous juncture has thrown your mind into a state of doubt or uneasiness, but my opinions on the subject are so rooted that it is *impossible for me to change them.* I repeat that I deeply regret it, and had the Prince given me the slightest hint of what was to be displayed before me, I should have respectfully declined attending the meeting. I wish your brother success, which is tantamount to wishing my country liberty and independence. One only thing I recommend to him. No half measures; no

shrinking from having recourse to remedies which, however hard, must secure success. "*Medico pietoso fa la piaga puzzolente*" is more applicable to revolutions than to anything else.'

Menotti shook hands with the two Princes and left the room, followed by the three delegates.

The two Princes having expressed the wish to remain with me a little longer, I foresaw something more was in store that had not yet been revealed to me.

'The frame of mind you are in,' said Prince Napoleon Louis, addressing me, 'respecting the active part every true patriot should consider it a duty to take in the forthcoming struggle for Italian independence is most distressing to me, and the more so as I feel sure you will be painfully startled at what I am going to confide to you. In the midst of the turmoil which seems to set Europe topsy-turvy, it is hateful to my brother and myself to remain idle spectators of current events, and to shut ourselves out from the rest of the world. The name we bear, the spirit that enlivens us, coupled with a great desire of being useful to this country that gave our family the most heartfelt hospitality, inspire us not to resist the opportunity of joining the insurgents in the Romagna, to fight with them the

battle of independence, or to die in the struggle. We are aware of the dangers that surround us, of the difficulty of our task, but no other field seems open to us for the exercise of mental and bodily exuberant activity, which failing to be ever required in our country may be serviceable to the welfare of the one we have adopted. Whether we start before Menotti has begun his movements at Modena or after is a question depending on what will occur within the next few days. No one else but you knows anything of our resolve. Pray consider this as a private and confidential communication. I should be most miserable if it ever came to the knowledge of my father.'

To be entrusted with a secret of such importance was more than I could bear. I was actually made speechless, and burst into tears, when the Prince took me kindly by both hands and tried to alleviate my agony by saying, 'Come, come, do not be so cast down; perhaps something may turn up to defer or put off our departure altogether.'

After recovering from the shock, I said: 'It is no use for your Highness to give me false hopes as regards what you have made up your mind to perform. Your fate, for good or evil, is sealed. But let me only repeat to you what I always said of the

mistake you have constantly been labouring under in forgetting that you both are French Princes, bearing a great name, and in duty bound to look to France, and to France alone, as the country to whose welfare you owe your time, your thoughts, your very life did my best to impress you with the fact that, sooner or later, and at no distant period, the reign of the Bourbons in France will be at an end for ever, and that the Imperial family will be called upon by the people to preside again over the destinies of the country. All my arguments went to show that it was your duty to watch the daily events in France, and to keep alive in the recollection of the nation by all possible means the great name of your uncle. They went also to show that your taking an active part in Italian affairs was rather injurious than beneficial to the country, inasmuch as Austria would make pretext of it for interfering. When you said the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon II., was still alive, and that you had no right to act in his place, I answered that Napoleon II., being a prisoner of Austria, it was even on that score more imperative that you should keep yourself in readiness, in the event of the Duke's death, or of some other diabolical political device of Austria to detain him a prisoner. Louis Philippe is on the throne only to

stop a gap. France aspires to something else, and rather than submit to a Bourbon again she will try and accommodate herself with a Republic. It is time yet, Prince, to alter your mind. Believe me, great destinies are in store both for yourself and brother. Do not waste your precious health in rash adventures. My rooted conviction is that Italy can never conquer her independence unless some great friendly Power comes to her assistance, and my dream is, that only France, ruled by a Napoleon, can effect it. I implore you to listen to me.'

Speaking for the first time, Prince Louis Napoleon added:

'You lose sight of the engagements we have entered into, which we swore to perform.'

'Engagements! With whom?' said I.

'With the secret society of Carbonari, of which we are members,' answered the Prince.

'I was not aware of it,' said I; 'such being the case, I cannot help feeling even more anxious than I did before.'

It was three o'clock in the morning when we parted, our minds beset with thoughts of no bright hue.

Meanwhile our bank was tottering from many stoppages of payment of other banks in different

parts of Italy, and we were in constant dread of some great and sudden calamity happening to precipitate our ruin.

In the evening of February 28, a large crowd stood assembled on the Piazza del Granduca, commenting on the news just arrived, that the Austrians had crossed the Po, 20,000 strong.

The invectives against the French Government can be more easily guessed than described. The police had to interfere to disperse the gathering.

I rushed at once to Prince Napoleon's house to convey him the information, in the hope that it would alter his mind. I was told the Prince was not at home or his brother either. I thought this strange, and said to myself, 'I will call early to-morrow morning.'

Meanwhile the tragical part of the plot had already commenced at Modena.

On learning that the Austrians had entered the Romagna, an evident proof either that Louis Philippe had given up the principle of non-intervention or that the Austrian Government had determined to march their troops against the insurgents in spite of it, the Duke of Modena, perceiving the danger of his position, hastened to inform Menotti that the intervention of the Austrians having

altered the state of affairs, he declined to do anything further.

Ciro Menotti and his confederates, undaunted by the desertion of the Duke, and acting on the assumption that they had to deal with a traitor, rose in arms against him and took possession of several parts of the town. The Duke brought his troops to bear upon the insurgents, who being dislodged from the places they occupied, took refuge in a house which they barricaded. The Duke ordered the artillery to storm the house, and to spare no one. The fight was long and bloody. The house being built on pillars became shaky. Some of the insurgents jumped out of the windows and were shot dead in the street. Ciro Menotti fell dangerously wounded, and in that state was carried to the ducal palace, there to be secured in the carriage that was to take the Duke to Mantua under the protection of the Austrian bayonets. A few weeks after the insurrection was completely quelled the Duke took Menotti back to Modena in his own carriage, and having caused a scaffold to be erected in front of Menotti's house, had him executed without trial.

Whilst this wholesale slaughter was indulged in by the Duke at Modena, the Austrian troops had

routed the forces of the insurgents in the Romagna, unable to make a stand of any consequence against them. The breaking up of the little army of volunteers was soon effected. Some of them escaped the fate that attended the less fortunate of their brothers in arms, who tried in vain to save their lives by taking to such small boats as they found on the seaboard, for they were soon captured by the Austrian cruisers scouring the Adriatic waters for that purpose; an evident proof that the plot had been well concocted in order to make at one dash a clean sweep of as many patriots as circumstances would allow. The fate of those who were made prisoners was too dreadful to dwell on. The Court of Rome vied with the Austrians for claiming the privilege of torturing or executing those among the prisoners who were Roman subjects, while Austria, asserting the right of priority consequent upon her having fought to save the papal dominions from destruction, refused to give them up. Between the two, the difference was rather in favour of Austria as regards the treatment to be expected by the unfortunate victims who were doomed to imprisonment. Those who were not shot at once underwent a sham trial before corrupted tribunals, and were plunged, loaded with irons, in dark prisons, there

to outlive a few of their comrades, in the hope of seeing one day the light, and breathing the air of liberty, that happily for them began blowing over Europe again in 1847–48.

Both Princes (Napoleon Louis and Louis Napoleon) had joined the insurgents. They had left Florence the same night I called at their house. They fought bravely in the ranks of the patriots, but like the rest they were obliged to look to their safety. When at Forli the two Princes were seriously ill. Prince Napoleon, the elder brother, died, some say from poison, others from over-fatigue and ague. The younger brother, Prince Louis Napoleon, was also so ill that it was feared he could not rally. His mother, Queen Hortense, rushed to Forli through the Austrian troops to save the only son now left her, and was fortunate enough to get him away under a disguise. She then ventured to enter France, and lay herself on the mercy of the French Government.

Notwithstanding the repeated defeats and misfortunes that assailed Italy in 1831, hope, kept up at a high standard by compressed indignation and universal mourning for the martyrs that had succumbed in the struggle for the independence of the country, was still the great lever at work in the hands

of those who had been spared the scaffold or imprisonment. So it was with me; but my position had become untenable in Italy, especially in Florence, where I was obliged to hide myself to prevent being arrested. Besides, the stoppage of the bank, by leaving me without available resources, had thrown both my brothers and myself into the wide world, to provide for our existence in the best way we could.

In the midst of the great turmoil and ruin that beset us, we could not help feeling comforted by the idea that at any rate the assets of the bank were more than sufficient to meet its liabilities, which owing to the hasty departure of the English families who had already withdrawn their deposits, were considerably reduced in amount.

Among the depositors, the Comte de St. Leu and his son were the largest.

To secure them from any contingency was my constant thought, and with this view I called upon the Comte, whom I found in a most desolate state of mind in consequence of the sudden departure of his two sons for the seat of war. During my interview I enlarged on the disastrous state of Italy, and on our anxiety respecting the safety of the money he had deposited in our bank. The Comte at first

appeared not to understand my real meaning. He put many questions to which I returned no answer, and as I knew he would feel very unhappy about me had I told him all the truth, I refrained from entering into further details. The Comte then said: 'I am very sorry for what is taking place. I appreciate your delicacy regarding the money you return to me, and the more so as the reticence on your own position leads me to surmise that it is more disastrous than you have represented it.' In saying these last words he gave me a discharge in full both for himself and his son.

My first object was to effect our escape. The difficulty of procuring a passport to leave Tuscany was insurmountable, and pointed forcibly to the only means by which we could attain our end, namely by smuggling ourselves out of the country by hiring a small boat at Leghorn, seemingly for a pleasure party. This was effected through the agency of two Corsican friends, Santelli and Semidei, to whom I felt much indebted for our salvation. Having got out of the harbour somewhat disguised and quite unnoticed, we made straight for Corsica. To avoid being suspected we took care to have a deckless boat; a small sail and four oars were our propelling power to reach Bastia, some ninety miles from Leghorn. The passage was

not free from danger, but go we must, and go we did. Shortly after I left Bastia, and went to London through Paris, where I received a small sum of money proceeding from the sale of my piano and of a few odds and ends I had left behind. I reached London with my brother in the latter part of April, and put up at an old friend's house where I met with the most cordial and hospitable reception. What a change for me since I was in London three years before!

It was some time before I could overcome the gloom and despondency consequent upon the desolate and penniless position I was then in. I felt it keenly I confess, and notwithstanding the kind words with which my friend tried to cheer and keep up my spirit by holding before me bright prospects of a better future, I could not rally from the terrible blow I had received, both from the winding up of our bank and the political disasters we had met with.

MY DEPARTURE FOR PHILADELPHIA.

About the middle of November 1831 I happened to meet in the Strand M. Goubaud (with whom I had become acquainted in Paris in 1829), a most distinguished artist, whom the Emperor Napoleon I. had entrusted with the difficult task of representing the christening of the presumptive heir, the King of Rome, at the Cathedral de Notre Dame de Paris. This picture, entirely drawn in *pencil*, was one of the most wonderful and perfect works of the kind ever seen. It measured six feet and a half in length by four feet in width. The portraits of the four hundred personages, dignitaries of the Church, State diplomatists, and foreign ministers, that filled the church, were admirably executed. The vicissitudes of this work of art are worth noticing. When Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne of France in 1814, the sight of this picture in the Tuileries was obnoxious to

the followers of that Sovereign, and as such was removed by them from the Palace to please their idol.

It was lost sight of until it came to be sold by auction in London, and bought by Hamlet, the famous goldsmith and jeweller, whose establishment at that time was in Coventry Street. Mr. Hamlet happening to be at an auction room where many pictures were on sale, had his attention called by his agent to this picture, which was hung up in a dusty and neglected state.

'What!' said Mr. Hamlet, 'do you want me to buy that old engraving? Preposterous! It is not worth more than a few shillings!'

'I beg your pardon,' said the agent. Then proceeding to remove with his wet finger the dust that covered the signature, he said:—

'Bid for it, sir. It is a most valuable work of art. *It is not a print.* It is the original drawing by Goubaud, representing the Christening of the King of Rome.'

Mr. Hamlet bought it, had it cleaned, richly framed, and was proud to exhibit it to many of the nobility and gentry who had heard of it. At the death of Hamlet, the picture was sold again, and bought by Mr. John Waller, a friend of mine, whom

I introduced to the Prince a few months before the expedition of Boulogne.

On Prince Louis Napoleon being elected Emperor, Mr. Waller begged he might be allowed the honour of presenting it to him. The Emperor having accepted the offer, the picture was taken by me to St. Cloud and delivered to the Emperor in the name of my friend.

When the palace of St. Cloud was reduced to ashes during the Franco-German War, many valuable pictures, among them being this curious and interesting one of the *Baptême du Roi de Rome*, were completely destroyed.

'I have heard of your misfortunes,' said Goubaud, 'and of your departure from Florence. Good God! how badly things have gone in Italy! The death of the unfortunate Prince Napoleon Louis has been a great blow to Queen Hortense, and I am afraid she will not be able to stand the shock much longer. What are you doing here?'

'I am trying to get employment, until I meet with some one to join me in business with some capital.'

'That's all very well, but it is not so easy as you think to succeed in either of these things, and you may exhaust the few resources you have before you can

procure a suitable berth and meet with an honest and responsible partner. I am rather pressed for time just now. Let us meet this evening. I will lay before you a proposal likely to answer your purpose. I will be at your house at eight o'clock.' We met as agreed, when Goubaud said:

'I am going to America to have an interview with the Comte de Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) who was as you know King of Spain. Queen Hortense and Prince Louis Napoleon, whom I have visited at Arenenberg, have given me letters of introduction to the Comte de Survilliers, with a view to lay before him their political views in the eventuality of another revolution taking place against Louis Philippe, whose popularity is already on the decline. The main object of my mission is to obtain from him a monthly subsidy to help Count Lennox, the man who has revived the Imperialist party in Paris, and the editor of the paper 'La Révolution de 1830,' to hold his ground against the present Government, and to pay the exorbitant fines he has been sentenced to lately. If the Bonapartist party becomes strong again, it will be owing to his energy and his personal sacrifices, and to the almost open adhesion of General Lafayette and Lafitte to his ideas and principles. I am an old man, you are young. I am in a

delicate state of health, you are strong and doing well. Should anything happen to me, you will replace me. When on board I will tell you all you have to do. Will you go with me to America? I will pay all your expenses. The Queen and Prince will be very pleased to learn that I met you, and that you are going to accompany me. What do you say to my proposal?'

'I accept,' said I; 'when shall you start?'

'As the packet sails for Philadelphia on Thursday morning, we had better leave London to-morrow morning and have a good night's rest at Liverpool. I will call for you to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. Be ready.'

The sailing packet was the 'Algonquin,' Captain West, a ship of about 2,500 tons, which in those days was looked upon as one of the best plying between Liverpool and Philadelphia.

The cabins were tolerably good, but there was nothing in her that could minister to the pleasure or comfort of the passengers, as is the case nowadays with the splendid steamers that have superseded them.

To give an idea of the imperfection, I should rather say of the irrational way the different parts of the service were carried on, as a particular instance

I shall mention the kitchen, which was located on deck next to the mainmast. The whole of the culinary apparatus, with all its appurtenances, was arranged in a wooden box nine or ten feet long by six feet wide and six high. It was fastened to the deck with strong iron chains to prevent its being upset. In stormy weather the misery the poor black cook had to endure was really pitiable, and when a heavy sea washed on board, it was not a rare thing to have our mutton and barley broth somewhat diluted. The milk was provided by a cow, encaged between strong planks under a boat keel up. Then came a large cage of wickerwork containing poultry. The small stock of live sheep was stored in the hold, where they were slaughtered.

It was very fortunate that the number of first-class passengers was only fourteen. This circumstance rendered the discomfort of the ship less felt than if we had been more numerous on board.

We sailed at 5.30 P.M. with a strong N.W. wind which made every one of us unmistakably sick.

The cargo consisted of 900 tons of wrought iron and steel, besides other heavy goods in large quantities.

This caused the ship to bury herself so deep,

that by bending over the taffrail a man could touch the water with his hands. Nothing particular occurred during the first week except a few light gales that proved to be of bad omen.

On the morning of the twelfth day the barometer stood very low, and the situation changed altogether. The sea became dark grey, and the gloom cast upon the air by its deep hue, coupled with a heavy black swell that was rolling fast towards the ship, made us alive to the forthcoming peril. At first the wind was rather high, but all at once it failed, while the swell seemed to increase, causing the vessel to roll about as if there was a want of buoyancy owing to the enormous dead weight of the freight. The clouds collected in a dark mass over our heads, the spray that arose from the swell dashed over the deck unremittingly, and the horizon seemed to have hills for its confines, so huge were the waves afar off.

During the night of December 15 it blew another gale, raging with incredible violence. It rose to such a fearful height as to strike the ship full on her broadside, causing every passenger to rise from his couch, fearing she was going to founder. Before the ship could again right herself, a tremendous sea broke on her and washed away the

kitchen, its fastenings being snapped as if made of straw. Another, still heavier than the first, carried away the cow and cage of poultry. The waves increased in height and force to such a degree, and the mass of water falling over the deck was so overwhelming, that the crew had to collect in a crowd near the wheel with as many of the passengers as dared venture on deck. Another danger which had not before shown itself made the captain and crew despair of our safety. It was the frightful rattling of the iron and steel, that had been laid loose in the hold, and which at every roll of the ship were tumbled from side to side with such violence as to make them, possibly at any moment, dart through the hull.

On the 22nd the storm abated, the black clouds gave place to a bright sun, and with it a fair wind, which made everyone look hopeful and happy.

The loss of the kitchen was felt by us most acutely, as our pittance became very poor and unpalatable. Almonds were crushed to make a liquor to replace the milk, of which we had been deprived by the loss of the poor cow. All hands were turned up to put the vessel in as good trim as was possible under the circumstances, and Captain

West announced his intention of making for the coast for the purpose of falling in with a pilot boat, in order to ascertain whether he could sail up the Delaware to reach Philadelphia, as he apprehended that owing to the severe frost prevailing he would be obliged to go to New York.

As we were within a few miles of the coast, a pilot boat came to us, and confirmed what the captain had surmised about the river being frozen.

The dread of remaining on board a few days longer was not agreeable either to Goubaud or myself, and still less so to another passenger, an American clergyman, Mr. Davis, who originated the idea of being landed somewhere at any price.

'I know that part of the country well,' he said, 'and I shall have no difficulty in finding a shelter for the night in some peasant's house.'

We asked Captain West whether it would be possible to get on shore, as we were very much pressed for time, consequent upon our having been forty-two days at sea.

The captain questioned the pilot, who agreed to put us three on shore on payment of 20 dollars a head. The money having been paid at once, we jumped into the pilot boat, and in about three quarters of an hour's sailing we arrived within a few

yards of the beach, which the pilot, from his perfect knowledge of the locality, had admirably hit upon as the most appropriate for our purpose. Two men of the crew having tucked up their trousers, took us upon their shoulders, and without great difficulty made their way through the surf (not very strong at the time), and put us safely on shore. Our luggage was carried by the two men in the same way, after which the pilot boat made again for the 'Algonquin,' that was lying-to a few miles off awaiting her return.

To be landed on a barren beach at 6 o'clock on an American winter frosty evening, without food or even a prospect of procuring any, in such a solitary place, from which no house or hut could be seen for us to apply to, was a sorry plight to be in.

'Now,' said I to our worthy clergyman, 'is the time for you to show yourself as hospitable to us in your country as you possibly can under existing circumstances. I see no other way for us to get out of this trial except by your starting to scour the neighbourhood, with which you are acquainted, to find a shelter for the night. M. Goubaud and I will await your return here to take care of the luggage, which I foresee will have to be carried on our shoulders if you do not succeed in coming to

our rescue with a vehicle of some kind and a man to help us.'

'I will most certainly,' replied the reverend, and after sipping a few drops of fine cognac I took out of my bag to comfort him, he wended his way towards a small village, where, said he, 'I know a man that is under some obligation to me.'

Vainly had we already waited an hour for the clergyman's return. I began to feel anxious, not for myself, as I was young and in good health, but for my friend Goubaud, who, besides being over sixty years old, was labouring now and then under violent attacks of asthma. The cold temperature of the night had just provoked a severe sudden attack, which was followed by a dry spasmodic cough really alarming. While I was thinking what would become of us if my friend Goubaud became worse during the night, I saw a light moving in our direction, and I called my friend's attention to it to keep up his spirits. Presently I heard a noise resembling that of a vehicle rolling on the shingle, with the addition of roars of laughter, which I fancied were indulged in at our expense for the plight we were in. I was not mistaken. The reverenb gentleman had succeeded in obtaining the assistance of two peasants, supplied with what turned out to be

a wheelbarrow, upon which was heaped our luggage, luckily not over voluminous. The night being exceedingly dark we directed one of the men to carry the light before us, whilst the clergyman and I were helping the other to push the wheelbarrow forward whenever it was obstructed in its course. We had to walk five-and-twenty minutes through a rocky road before we reached the cottage, which was the property of one of our men, and whose wife came to the door as we arrived, and with a smiling face that told much in her favour, welcomed us most cordially, apologising in her rustic way for her inability to offer us a more comfortable reception. As we entered the room we hailed with joy a sparkling fire made up with large logs of wood heaped under the flue of a brick fire-place, eight feet wide by five feet high, and deep enough to allow a large bench to be hooked under it on two sides for the accommodation of three persons on each of them. A large copper kettle, containing a piece of pork intended for the family supper, was hanging by a chain over the burning timber, which illuminated the little room so brightly as to require no other light. After devoting some little time to warm our limbs, benumbed by the freezing temperature to which we had been exposed for many hours,

we thought of satisfying our hunger with the simple food partly prepared for us.

'We have,' said the good housewife, 'a nice piece of boiled pork and red cabbage which you will relish, I am sure; a few eggs, and roasted Indian corn; tea or coffee as beverage. We have no wine or beer, as we are teetotallers.'

This last statement of the honest woman gave a jerk to the frame of our reverend friend, and stamped on his rosy cheek a perceptible twitch significant of great disappointment, which however passed unnoticed.

'Well!' said I, 'this will do famously.' In less than half an hour we sat down to a comfortable hot supper to which we did full justice, the only unpalatable item of it being the dish of roasted corn so much praised by our hostess. As our supper was gradually coming to a close, the scene had assumed a novel aspect. The comforting warmth of the room, the good family meal we had freely indulged in, the cheerful hospitality we had met with, and last, though not least, the thankful feeling of having escaped a great danger at sea, the horrors of which our present safety contributed to dispel, were the main elements of our loquacity and mirth. Our hearts were buoyed with hope for better times, our

minds became more elastic, and our readiness to join in the merriment and chaffing of the family at the sad plight we should have been in had we not met with their timely assistance, was a great factor in the general satisfaction.

This state of comparative bliss did not last long, for the question of how we should spend the night (it was then ten o'clock) was raised, and different suggestions were proposed, none of which seemed acceptable, as the principal difficulty was the entire want of bedding, or any substitute like hay or straw to lie upon.

Whilst we were deliberating, the clergyman asked his friend by what means we could reach next morning a small place (the name of which I forgot to record at the time) situated on the Delaware, and from which we were to cross the river to reach Philadelphia.

'I know,' said our host, 'a man who has a couple of horses and a cart on springs, with which he goes to market. I have no doubt he will let you have it at a price, the distance to . . . . is only thirty miles, and sure enough you can reach the place in a few hours. He lives within half an hour's walk from here, and, if you choose, I am willing to call upon him to-morrow morning at dawn, and make arrangements for your trip.'

'"To-morrow! to-morrow!' interrupted our clergyman, 'why not this evening? What prevents your running to him now, and returning with the conveyance? We might start at once, and by so doing be able to cross the river early in the morning!'

I objected to this sudden resolve on the plea that the road was not very good, and that the snow which had just commenced to fall would render it still more unsafe. Unfortunately my friend Goubaud had sided with the promoter of the scheme, and prevailed on me to give in.

The man set off at once, and in about a couple of hours drove back with his friend in a cart having two boards strapped across, and a good bed of straw at the bottom of it.

The good woman's expressive lamentations at our determination to start so suddenly, at such an hour and in such weather, were really touching, but there was no helping it. A few seconds before leaving, my friend Goubaud, without waiting for the bill, put two pounds into her hand, at which she demurred, saying it was only a few shillings she was entitled to. However, the joint solicitations, bordering upon compulsion, on our part, succeeded in overcoming her resistance.

It was one o'clock in the morning when we left

the cottage. Mr. Davis and Goubaud sat on the hind board, and I and the driver on the front one.

The cold was extreme, the road rather slippery, and the wind most piercing. We were moving on at a rate of five miles an hour on an average. All went pretty well so long as there were subjects for general conversation, which our driver (an Irishman) kept up with sparkling wit, but it was not of long duration. It began relaxing from exhaustion of sufficient material to enliven it, and ended completely when an insurmountable drowsiness, brought on by the freezing temperature, took possession of us all.

The narrow road we were in was fenced on the left by a thick hedge, which ran the whole length of it. The right side offered no protection against rolling down into a field which was four feet below the level of the road. On emerging from this narrow road to turn into a larger one, the horse, left to itself, went so near the edge that the vehicle was upset and rolled down with a tremendous crash. Goubaud had his face scratched by a shrub, Mr. Davis was slightly bruised, and the driver got kicked in the neck by the horse, that was trying to rid itself of the shafts, one of which had been broken and stuck in its ribs. I was found to be in a worse plight than the rest of the party, for having fallen on the

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stump of a tree that had been cut slantways, my right shoulder was so severely injured as to make me fear it was either dislocated or broken altogether. The pain was intense.

My coats had been cut through, and a sharp point of the tree had entered the flesh, from which the blood was flowing abundantly. The agony I endured from the extreme cold of the night was indescribable. The driver, assisted by Mr. Davis, righted the poor horse easily enough, but it was impossible for them to bring the cart on the road again. Mercifully, we were almost in sight of a small village, where Mr. Davis went to claim assistance, which he had some difficulty to procure, as it was still so early as four o'clock, A.M.

The offer of a liberal remuneration, coupled with the entreaties with which Mr. Davis worked on their feelings to do a kind act, produced the desired effect. The whole family of a small inn was up in a moment. Two men came to the spot with lights and ropes, and in half an hour the horse and cart were brought into the village. A great fire was lit to warm our frozen limbs, and the good wife, who seemed to possess some knowledge of nursing, carefully washed my wound, and dressed it in the best way she could. My arm became so swollen as to

render it impossible to put it in the coat sleeve again. I was in great agony, made still worse by a choking thirst.

What was to be done under the circumstances? The opinion of the innkeeper that we should remain at the inn till seven o'clock in the morning was agreed to by us all. We had to travel fifteen miles more to reach the place from which we were to cross the Delaware. At the appointed time we left the hospitable shelter, after partaking of a cup of coffee, which we should not have thought much of if offered to us at any other time. The manner of crossing the river Delaware (completely frozen) struck me by its novelty.

A boat provided with sails, as if intended to be propelled by the wind on water, took us on board, and after a few minutes' skating as it were (for the boat had actually a steel ice spur running the whole length of the keel) we reached the opposite shore, from which we drove to the hotel so much longed for by me. The doctor who attended me was of gentle manners, and clever in his profession. After a thorough examination of the injured part, he declared that although the wound would cause extreme pain for some time, owing to the deep laceration of the flesh and to the bruises caused by the blow, still it

was not in itself so bad as to create any serious uneasiness. But in his opinion the danger lay elsewhere, namely in the possible inflammation of the left lung, consequent upon the concussion. He therefore advised the greatest caution, and above all to remain in bed for a few days, feeling sure fever would supervene. On my telling him that I should have to go to Burdentown in two or three days, he objected to the idea, but perceiving I was determined to start, he ordered me not to leave my bed until necessary to start, promising to visit me every day.

My friend Goubaud had already informed by letter the Comte de Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) that he had arrived at Philadelphia, and was awaiting his commands respecting the day to be appointed for delivering his credentials. Three days after, a splendid sledge, made warm and comfortable by a variety of skins and woollen rugs, and drawn by two horses full of mettle, was sent to drive us in a few hours through a rather savage-looking country to the Comte's residence.

OUR ARRIVAL AT BURDENTOWN,

THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE COMTE DE SURVILLIERS.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE was the eldest of the Bonaparte family. His likeness to his brother, Napoleon I., was most striking, and yet there was in his features that mild sweet expression which, coupled with a fair complexion, made him one of the handsomest men of his time. Nature had bestowed upon him a kind and benevolent disposition, and although his mind was bent more on literary than warlike pursuits, still when called upon by his brother to fill dangerous positions, he knew how to discharge his duty in a bold and manly way. To suit the Emperor's political views, he assented to become King of the Two Sicilies, and later on, King of Spain, where he won the sympathy and good will of the superior classes from the wise and conciliatory manner in which he governed the country. The disasters of

the Russian Campaign of 1812 that befel the French army prevented the Emperor from attending personally to the Peninsular War, which, owing to the mismanagement of his generals, ended in the flight of the King and the restoration of the Bourbons. After the battle of Waterloo, he retired to America, where he met with the most generous hospitality.

The personal esteem in which he was held in the United States, the respect he inspired for the noble manner he bore his misfortunes in his exile, induced the Americans to offer him the Presidency, notwithstanding his not being a naturalised American—which he declined.

The Comte was leading a most retired life at Burdentown. The house in which he had collected most valuable pictures, and papers of great importance referring to the Imperial era in general and to his career in particular, was burned to the ground a short time after his arrival. On the same ground he built another of a smaller size, and in this he spent most of his days in quiet retirement, interrupted now and then by a few of his former friends who crossed the Atlantic to pay him a visit in remembrance of the glorious bygone days.

Such was the remarkable man to whom I was to

be introduced by Goubaud, as a friend of Prince Louis Napoleon, and his *compagnon de voyage.*

To see the Comte, to converse with him, to listen to the narratives of the events and episodes in which he had played so conspicuous a part, whether as a soldier or as a statesman, to hear the real causes that produced certain facts, upon which neither party spirit will, nor history can speak the truth as yet, expounded by him whose grace and fluency of elocution was one of the greatest secrets of his successful career, were the many intellectual gratifications I had fancied looming in the distance for me, and nothing in the world appeared more delightful to me than the prospect of embodying in a diary every word flowing from his lips. Unfortunately the accident I had met with had taken a more serious turn than had been anticipated, in consequence of the cold weather which prevailed at that time and the rapidity with which we had travelled from Philadelphia.

On arriving at Burdentown we were immediately shown into most comfortable apartments, consisting of two bedrooms, separated by a sitting-room provided with a good stock of books. The first thing my friend Goubaud did was to write to the Comte to apologise for my not being able to present

my respects to him in consequence of the state I was in. The Comte immediately sent upstairs his confidential steward to express his regret, and to inquire more particularly about the accident. At the same time he sent for his doctor, who attended upon me at once. We were now in the month of January 1832. My illness had really taken a serious turn, and for more than two months I was laid up, and when at length nearly convalescent, the doctor still would not permit me to leave my room. Therefore all this time I had been deprived of the pleasure of dining with the Comte, and of the still greater pleasure of passing the evenings in his society, which was the time when the Prince used to delight in the review of the glorious days of the Imperial epoch, with that easy flowing eloquence which in itself had an inexpressible charm. But most unfortunately the state of my health prevented my enjoying these delightful evening reunions in the small family circle (consisting of Monsieur Sari, the Comte's secretary, and his amiable wife), except on two or three occasions, before we left Burdentown at the end of March.

The mission entrusted to my friend Goubaud by the Queen Hortense and Prince Louis Napoleon had not proved so successful as it was expected. The Comte de Survilliers was imbued with the same ideas

as his brother the Comte de St. Leu (the ex-king of Holland) with reference to active exertions being made to revive in France the Bonapartist spirit.

On the day we left Burdentown I was present at the last interview my friend had with the Comte, who, on taking leave of us, said, 'Bear well in mind that, if they (the French people) want any of our family to establish a provisional government in the name of the son of Napoleon I. (the Duke of Reichstadt), they know where we are; but as to our agitating the country by underhand proceedings or conspiracies, or by abetting military revolutions likely to create civil war, never shall we lend ourselves to anything of the kind. United Europe has vanquished my brother the Emperor. His downfall has brought our own. He gave up the throne rather than foster civil war, which he had a horror of. We must not act at variance with his principles. We do not think much of power acquired by illegal means. As to my granting a regular monthly subsidy to Count Lennox for the paper ("La Révolution de 1830") of which he is the owner, I am not justified in doing it, for the reasons I now give you. However, in consideration of his having taken up our cause so chivalrously, and of his finding himself in pecuniary difficulties from the heavy fines he

has been sentenced to, I have, as I told you before, given instructions to pack eight valuable pictures, to be shipped to London, and you are authorised by me to sell them, either by auction or otherwise, and to hand the proceeds to Count Lennox, that he may extricate himself from his present embarrassments; but further than that I will not go.' Then turning to me in a smiling affable way, he added, 'I was extremely sorry to have been deprived of your presence at our daily family gatherings owing to your illness, which I trust will have no ill consequences. I grieve the more as some days ago I received a letter from my brother Louis, to whom I wrote after your arrival here, mentioning your name. He expatiated so very warmly on your personal character, and on the honourable way you dealt with him at a moment when a sum of money[1] would have been a most tempting resource under the peculiar circumstances in which you were then situated both financially and politically, that I should have felt quite at home with you. Rest assured of my sympathy for your misfortunes, and of my good wishes for your future welfare. I have a favour to

[1] The Comte alluded to the discharge given to me by his brother, the Comte de St. Leu, for the money he had deposited in our bank.

ask of you. On your landing at Plymouth, and not before, you will open this letter, which contains some important papers you are requested to deliver to the party whose name is mentioned therein. I trust it to your honour.' In saying this he handed me a thick letter, which I put in my pocket, and we parted, not, I must add, without feelings of deep regret.

From Burdentown we went to New York, whence we sailed. A steady westerly wind carried us in twenty-one days to Plymouth, where I opened the letter entrusted to me by the Comte.

I found in it five banknotes for one hundred dollars each, addressed to me.

Goubaud and I arrived in Paris on the 7th of March, 1832, and having called on Count Lennox to report the result of our journey to Burdentown, we found that he had been sued for the recovery of a sum due by him on account of the paper of which he was editor, and imprisoned at Ste. Pélagie.

Count Lennox declined receiving the proceeds of the sale of the pictures sent to Europe, and collecting all his available resources, paid his debts and was set at liberty. He requested me to accompany him to Manheim, where Queen Hortense and Prince Louis Napoleon were then residing. The Prince was very much disappointed at the resolve of

his uncle the Comte de Survilliers to keep quiet in America, and to refrain from any political propaganda. I found the Prince very much altered. The serious illness he contracted in Italy after the death of his brother, and the collapse of the Italian insurrection, had told upon him so severely as to make his mother very anxious about his ultimate recovery. The Prince having agreed to make such arrangements with Count Lennox as were necessary to secure the daily issue of the 'Révolution de 1830,' the only organ devoted to the Bonapartist cause, intimated to the Count that he intended retiring to Arenenberg with his mother to recruit his health by perfect rest and quiet.

On July 23, 1832, the news of the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, involving possibly momentous changes in France, reached Paris unexpectedly, to spread dismay in the heart of the majority of the French people and undisguised exultation among the partisans of Louis Philippe's Government. The son of Napoleon, the King of Rome (Duke de Reichstadt) had expired at Vienna on the 22nd, after a lingering illness which the doctors had been unable to check. His death was hailed by the Court, the courtiers, and a small nucleus of short-sighted Republicans with unfeigned

joy. Louis Philippe was at once relieved from the harassing bugbear with which the existence of the presumptive heir to the Imperial throne was continually besetting his mind.

Having got rid of the Prince whose rights to the throne were indisputable, he considered himself safe from any conspiracy on the part of the elder branch of his family, turned out of the country by the recent Revolution, as well as from any outbreak of the Republican party, in no great favour at that time in France.

The joy of the Court party was somewhat checked for a while by the bold step taken by Count Lennox of having the portrait of Prince Louis Napoleon scattered by thousands of copies all over France, with the title under it of Napoleon III.! The persecutions endured on that account by the editor of the 'Révolution de 1830' were of the most violent character. The paper had to bear fines to an enormous amount, owing to the verdict of the jury, resting by law on the majority of *one*, having always gone against him.

The agitation in Paris had already reached alarming proportions, from the universal knowledge that Lafitte and General Lafayette, to whose popularity Louis Philippe owed his throne, were at variance

with him respecting his internal and foreign policy, and had thrown themselves again into the ranks of the opposition. To check the spreading of popular feeling, and to put an end to the 'Révolution de 1830,' the Bonapartist paper, Count Lennox was arrested, tried, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The Court gained the day, and rejoiced in the captivity of Count Lennox, the bold representative of the only political party they dreaded.

From that day there was a lull in the cause of the Imperial family, owing to the suppression of the paper and other eventful occurrences that occupied the public mind for a considerable time.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S EXPEDITION TO BOULOGNE, AUGUST 1840.

IN this narrative I will refrain from commenting upon what has already been made public both in England and France, and enlarge upon such details as seem to me now, as they did at the time, so far to redeem from ridicule [1] a daring adventure which rested on more reasonable chances of success than most people are aware of, and which was in reality the starting-point of Prince Louis Napoleon's extraordinary career.

I will relate how it happened that I was appointed by the Prince to be the principal actor in the expedition; how difficult and dangerous was the task that had to be performed amidst the many chances of detection; and finally the *real* cause of the sudden

[1] 'Une folle et ridicule aventure,' were Guizot's words at the time; words, however, which he afterwards confesses in his *Memoirs*, vol. v. p. 258, that he read 'with some embarrassment.'

and unexpected collapse of the attack made on the French territory.

In handling so delicate a subject, I will abstain from any remark or disclosure which I consider to be irrelevant to it; and as I am probably now the only survivor (at least to my knowledge) of all those who were on board the 'Edinburgh Castle' on August 5, 1840, I shall feel doubly bound never to swerve from the most scrupulous historical accuracy.

I. INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It is unnecessary to describe the circumstances following the Strasburg affair (October 1836)[1] under which Prince Louis Napoleon returned to England in the autumn of 1838, after closing his mother's eyes at Arenenberg. It is enough to say that he left Switzerland voluntarily after the Federal Government had refused the imperious demand of the French Government for his expulsion, rather than be the cause of an unequal struggle which would have ended in useless bloodshed.

I was at that time in Paris, where I had been

[1] I was not with the Prince at Strasburg. He had requested me to join him at Arenenberg. Unfortunately I was in Spain at that time, and while at Barcelona his letter, which had gone the round of the Peninsula, reached me on the very same day on which I read in the public papers the failure of the military outbreak.

watching the complications likely to arise from the critical position of French politics and the obvious instability of Louis Philippe's dynasty.

Having been summoned by the Prince to join him in England, I started at once, and found that he had gone to Leamington (Warwickshire), in order to avoid personal demonstrations, and to ponder quietly and in perfect rest of mind, on what he should do under the circumstances. Persigny was staying with him.

A few months later the Prince settled in London at Carlton House, Carlton Terrace, where he began writing the 'Idées Napoléoniennes.' This book attracted a wide and unprecedented attention to his views and aspirations. Carlton House was the rendezvous of the most ardent partisans of his cause. Deputies of the Opposition were constantly coming from Paris to visit the Prince, and reporting what they considered to be the favourable feeling of the country. They kept up his excitement and raised his expectations beyond the possibility of resistance.

It was on May 15, 1840, that the Prince first confided to me his resolve to make another attempt against the Government of Louis Philippe, then evidently declining in popularity owing to the adverse turn of affairs in Algeria and also in Egypt.

My interview with the Prince was friendly, but not without some ill-humour on his part.

'Does your Highness ask my opinion and advice on the subject mentioned to me, or am I to consider your communication as an order to follow you?'

'I never thought I should meet with a refusal from you whenever I required your co-operation. You know my friendship for you, and the great interest I take in the independence of Italy, your country, for which you fight by exposing your life for me. On the other hand, I know your devotion to me, and how willing you are to do all I think conducive to our common object. As far back as 1831 we made a compact between ourselves which I consider to be binding on both sides, namely that you should help me in my projects, however dangerous they may be, and that I should fight for the unity of Italy if I ever became the chief of the French nation. From what I have said you must infer that I do not doubt your willingness to follow me. I take it for granted. Doubt is out of the question. It is *your opinion* I want to know, as regards the opportunity, or even the advisability, of doing or not what I meditate.'

'I readily confess that I never was placed in a more difficult position than I am now in answering your Highness's question. You may put a wrong

construction upon what I may say if my advice goes against your wishes. If, on the other hand, I agree with your decision, and you fail in the attempt, my responsibility will weigh very heavy on me as long as I live.'

'Whatever may happen I hold you harmless; but remark, I do not say that I will carry out my projects, even if your advice tallied with my views, or that I will abstain from it, if your advice went against my decision. Nothing of the kind. I simply ask your impression on the subject. I like to gather everyone's opinions and to ponder on them quietly; you may speak your mind as freely as if the matter was of comparatively trifling importance.'

'As you wish me to speak my mind freely respecting the opportunity of renewing an attack on the French Government, I will unhesitatingly say that I consider it to be against your own interest to attempt anything of the kind just now. Allow me, Prince, to give you the reasons on which I ground my objection. Whether it was to your advantage to have written the "Idées Napoléoniennes," with a view of making your political programme known to the world in general and to the French people in particular, is a question now irrelevant to the subject. When you did me the honour to ask my opinion

upon it, I respectfully laid before you the inexpediency of committing yourself to a line of policy which the course of events would cause you to regret. However, that there should be no mistake between the French nation and yourself about the form of government you thought the best for France, you have boldly said *Empire!* Be it so. But what necessity is there for hurrying events by violent means, when we see every day that the Government of Louis Philippe is on the eve of a catastrophe which sooner or later will make the throne vacant? After the failure of Strasburg I dread the consequences of another attempt on your part. The dynasty of Louis Philippe is in great danger. The country has had enough of it; it cannot last long. Meanwhile, let your friends in France keep up an agitation on your behalf, which will lose nothing of its efficiency because effected by legal means. Let them be ready to seize the first opportunity that offers itself for a popular demonstration. In a word, wait till you are called by the voice of the country; your name will carry everything before it, and your character, your principles, your courage, well known in France, will do the rest.'

'Had my uncle followed a suggestion similar to yours, the 18th Brumaire, that saved the country, would never have taken place.'

'I beg to remark that France is not at present in the same distracted situation it was then. Whatever may be said respecting the means by which Louis Philippe got hold of the supreme power, he had at least the semblance of an election—not a direct election from the people, but a plausible one, from the representatives of the country. If he has been compelled on several occasions to put down insurrections in the streets of Paris, he has done so with the assent and concurrence of the National Guard. I should not like to see you embark in another perilous undertaking which would be stamped a second time with ridicule, if unsuccessful, or would give you a start, if successful, most dangerous to your name, and fraught with the most serious consequences for the future.'

The Prince was silent for some little time. As he was taking his pocket-book out of a drawer, his valet-de-chambre came in with a bundle of letters, and told him that General Montholon wished to see him. The Prince left me, saying that he would see me again in a day or two.

My interview with the Prince made me very uneasy. My personal knowledge of his character and steadiness of purpose brought home to me the conviction that no amount of good reasons would deter

him from doing what he had made up his mind to do. Every day—I should say every hour—I used to meet officers of rank and deputies, who had frequent and long interviews with the Prince. Something was evidently going on in London which could not be accounted for in any other way than by the concoction of a plot intended to be carried out very shortly.

I had not to wait long before my surmise became a certainty. Persigny called upon me the day after my interview with the Prince, from whom he had heard that I did not consider the idea of an armed attack on the French Government to be a sound one.

'I am at a loss to understand why you are opposed to the project of a *coup-de-main*, which we have been preparing for the last twelve months, and brought to that stage when success is secured.'

I assured Persigny of my devotion to the Prince, but explained the difficulties I felt. At the same time I added, 'If the Prince tells me, "in half an hour I shall want you," he will find me ready to follow him, without any inquiry as to where we go or what for. I have given my opinion because he requested me to do so without reticence. I have done what I consider my first duty in this emer-

gency, as I will perform my second, by being at his side in the hour of danger if he orders me to do so.'

'You seem to be under the impression that the Prince is going to risk his own life and that of his friends without good reason. You are mistaken.'

'I am perfectly convinced that the Prince will take good care this time to secure in France a support without which he could expect no result. But this does not lessen the gravity and inopportunity of the undertaking. You fancy the army will rise to a man in favour of the Prince as soon as he sets his foot on the French territory. Well! I hope so, but I doubt it. You will give rise to a civil war if only a part of the army resists the enthusiasm of the rest.

'You do not know the French people so well as I do. They do not care for constitutions, liberty of the press, self-government, and so forth. The Empire has left indestructible roots in the soil, and whatever you attempt to do without the aid of the magical name "Empire" will not last long.

'I grieve to hear you speaking as you do; you will find things in France quite different from what you suppose. Frenchmen are no more what they

were in former times; they are more thoughtful, more men of business than you imagine. Under the apparent levity which is the distinctive character of the nation, there is an underground work going on which leads them to a positivism rather exaggerated. 'They do not care for *glory* as they did.'

'Well, we shall soon see who is right. I think you take a wrong view.' And we parted.

For the last three months the Prince had issued a monthly political review, called 'L'Idée Napoléonienne;' several of his friends were contributors to it. It was published in London, where it made a great stir owing to its presumed authorship. The text was in French. The number for June contained a long article written by the Prince, on the 'Strength and the Stupendous Military Organisation of the Prussian Army,' which he strenuously recommended should be adopted at once by France to replace the present system, which he thought most defective and inefficient in the event of an invasion. The review was ordered to be discontinued—there was to be no issue for July, and we were in June. Evidently, said I to myself, the Prince means business. Early in the morning of June 21, the Prince called upon me, for the purpose (he said jokingly) of *converting* me to his views.

'I have been considering what you told me a few days ago respecting my projects. You may be right; at any rate I appreciate the reasons for which in my interest you are opposed to them. But I am too far advanced to retrace my steps; besides several officers whose expenses in London I defray as it behoves their rank and position, I have some forty more persons here, who know nothing about what they came for, except that they will have to follow me whenever required. Everything is rapidly preparing in France to back me as soon as I arrive at Boulogne, on which point the first attack will be made. The time has arrived for me to provide the means of crossing the Channel. Unfortunately, I am poor just now. I want money for immediate requirements, irrespective of what will be wanted hereafter for the expedition. Can you devise any practical means of raising it somehow? I must be ready for the month of August.'

'What is the amount you require?' said I.

'20,000*l.*,' answered the Prince: 'of which 10,000*l.* should be paid down at once, and 10,000*l.* on the day previous to our departure.'

'I think,' said I, 'that if you don't object to the terms on which the loan will be effected, I can get it done, payable in two instalments.'

A fortnight of difficult negotiations enabled me to comply with the Prince's wishes. On June 21 I handed him 10,000*l.* in gold and bank notes. The second payment of 10,000*l.* took place on August 3.

I then suggested the scheme of hiring a steamer as if intended for an excursion. He spoke of the necessity of putting horses on board, and a van heavily laden, containing sixty or seventy stand of arms, swords, pistols, regimentals and saddles, and a large quantity of printed proclamations. He also spoke of providing me assistance, but I strongly declined any co-operation except what I could myself secure. I had my own *alter ego*, with whom I knew I was safe in attempting arrangements as to a steamer, and I promised to have it ready by the first days of August.

Hesitation was now out of place. The Prince having made up his mind to stake his all in the enterprise, it was far better to act, and to act quickly, than to repeat arguments which had evidently no power to alter the tide of events.

The glory and popularity of the first Empire seemed to be revived at that very moment in a most extraordinary way, by the agitation which the approaching arrival of the remains of the Emperor

from St. Helena to France had occasioned among all classes of French society. The demand addressed to the British Government by the King of the French for a grant which no one expected would be obtained was on his part a stroke of policy which went against the object he had in view. M. Thiers was then the Premier of the French Administration, and to him in particular, as the historian of the Consulate and of the Empire, was attributed the idea of strengthening the Orleans dynasty by the most popular and national demonstration he could ever devise to initiate. The effect produced on the French people by this event was immense. The name of Prince Louis Napoleon was associated with it by popular instinct, and helped to increase the enthusiasm with which the country thrilled throughout. Another circumstance was deemed propitious by the Prince for still more hastening the departure of the expedition: the recent garrisoning of the principal towns in the north and west of France by the very same regiments that had known the Prince at Strasburg. Every incident, every circumstance, seemed to concur for the accomplishment of what inflexible destiny appeared to have decreed should take place again sooner or later. The agitation both in London and Paris was extraordinary. The landing of Prince

Louis Napoleon on the French territory was freely and openly discussed as if it were a natural thing. The only question to which no reply could be made was, 'When?'

II. PREPARATIONS AND ANXIETIES.

Numerous were the French detectives in London at that moment whose mission it was to watch and report to the French Ambassador every movement of the Prince and of those known to call upon him or to be his acknowledged partisans.

The time was running close for chartering the required steamer. This however was done through my friend in whose name the charter was drawn up. The 'Edinburgh Castle,' one of the boats belonging to the Commercial Steam Company, was the one selected for the purpose. My friend had many questions to answer before he could secure her. In his application he stated that she was intended for a trip to Hamburg; that a large party had contracted with him for providing everything on board that was necessary for the passage, and that as he was paid very liberally for it, he wanted to have the boat made comfortable in every respect. Captain Crow was

ordered to follow strictly my friend's orders or mine, if he happened to be on shore.

On Saturday, August 1, the 'Edinburgh Castle' arrived from Dieppe at Deptford. Sunday and Monday (2nd and 3rd) she was getting ready for sea. On Tuesday the 4th she came up the river and moored alongside the wharf facing the Custom House.

Early on the morning of the 4th I accomplished the task assigned to me, which was to ship nine horses, a travelling carriage, a heavy van containing seventy rifles, and as many military accoutrements as were required for the officers and men, numbering about seventy passengers.

The proclamations and other printed papers were put in another box, in which a large sum of money in English bank notes and gold was secured. A ticket was pasted on the waggon as well as on each box and package, on which 'Hamburg' was printed in large letters. At six o'clock in the morning the steamer was ready to go down the river. At London Bridge I took on board thirteen men. We left the wharf at six o'clock exactly, and reached Greenwich at 7.10 A.M. I went to the Trafalgar Hotel, where Count d'Hunin and three men were waiting. Having followed me on board, we left at once for Blackwall, which we reached at 8 A.M. Here I took on board

Count Persigny, Charles Thélin (the valet-de-chambre), Lombard, Cannas, D'Almbert, Duflot, Dr. Conneau, Léon Cuis, Galvani, and four or five more. At two o'clock we reached Gravesend, where I took on board Colonel Parquin, Count Ornano, Captain Desjardins, Faure, and eight men. I ordered the steamer to anchor about 200 yards from the shore. The Prince was expected to reach Gravesend about that time.

Here we took on board a French pilot, who had been sent from Boulogne to take charge of the ship on her reaching the French coast.

Since our departure from London Bridge nothing took place worth noticing until we reached Blackwall, where I had fourteen persons to take on board, who, besides being in excellent spirits, were somewhat clamorous for want of a good breakfast, which I had ordered to be ready for nine o'clock, and to be served on two separate tables, one for the friends of the Prince, and one for the men who were to form the bulk of our armed contingent.

Count Persigny, Dr. Conneau, Charles Thélin, and myself were the only persons in the secret of the expedition. I was in constant fear lest the unusual number of foreign-looking passengers, among whom not one of the fair sex could be seen, should attract

the attention of some inquisitive official to pry into the destination of the steamer, which from the peculiarity of the cargo on deck, from the distinctive and characteristic features of the passengers, and also from the complete absence on board of all that is seen daily, even on the smallest emigration ship, as trunks, portmanteaus, baskets, boxes, shawls, travelling rugs strewed here and there, was altogether the most extraordinary floating piece of work that ever steamed down the river. August 4 turned out to be the finest day imaginable. The air was refreshing as it fanned over the ship in a gentle northerly breeze —most invigorating both to mind and body. For those who knew nothing of the object we had in view, it was a trip to Hamburg, and a pleasant one too. 'Where are we going?' was the question from one to another at every turn of the paddle-wheel.

Every steamer, every sailing vessel, every smack, coming up or going down the river, was vociferously hailed by many on board. In many instances I had to entreat my friend Persigny to join me in prevailing upon the most turbulent to keep quiet.

While anchored at Gravesend things became more serious than I had even anticipated and dreaded. We could see several ladies and gentlemen looking at us with opera-glasses from the windows of Clifton Hotel.

Two parties actually came in a boat to see who we were, and to ask where we were going. One of them wanted to come on board. I was in great anxiety. It was then 3.30 P.M., and the Prince had not yet arrived.

At 3.45, whilst I was smoking a cigar, conversing with Count Persigny, Captain Crow sent for me. He was leaning on the bulwark, and was speaking to some one in a boat alongside.

'The Custom House officer, sir,' pointing to the boat with a flag. 'What am I to say?'

Without answering his question, I saluted the officer, and said, 'What is it?'

'I want to know what you are doing here in the middle of the river.'

'I am waiting for the party who should have arrived by this time.'

'Where are you going to?'

'Hamburg.'

'Have you goods on board?'

'None; the steamer is chartered for a pleasure trip, for which I am largely paid. Here is my charter. Shall I show it to you?'

'No, no. How many people have you on board?'

'I have several gentlemen on board already, and I expect two more from London. I have three more to take at Ramsgate. Every one of them has one or

two servants who are on board. It is a lot of swells I have to deal with.'

'I suppose you have ladies on board?'

'None as yet; but I fancy there will be a few engaged to join the party at Ramsgate.'

'Ha! ha! that's the place! I wish you a good passage; but be off sharp, as the tide is running out.'

It was getting late, and still the Prince had not arrived. Count Persigny began to surmise, like myself, that something very serious had prevented the Prince from starting from London at the appointed time. We were deliberating on what should be done in the emergency, when Colonel Parquin, a cavalry officer, an old friend of the Prince and of the whole family, came to me and said, 'I want to go on shore to buy a few good cigars. Those we have on board are detestable, I cannot smoke them.'

'Go on shore? My orders, colonel, are not to allow anyone to leave the steamer on any pretext whatever.'

'Do you mean to say that I am to be kept a prisoner here?'

'What I do mean is, that I cannot comply with your request, because I am bound to carry out the wishes or rather orders of the Prince.'

The colonel made an appeal to Count Persigny,

who; like myself, told him that it was impossible to comply with his demand. The wrath of the colonel was extreme. There was danger in this outburst of anger. I consulted Persigny on the advisability of allowing the colonel to go on shore, on the distinct understanding that he should be accompanied by me and Charles Thélin, the faithful valet of the Prince.

Persigny assented to the idea, and the colonel and I got into the boat. Thélin was with us. As we were walking to the cigar shop, the colonel remarked a boy seated on a log of wood, feeding an eagle with shreds of meat. The eagle had a chain fastened to one of its claws, with which it was secured. The colonel turned twice to look at it, but went on without uttering a word. On our way back to the boat we saw that the boy had left the spot, and had gone within two yards of the landing place we had to go through. The colonel went to him and, looking at the eagle, said to the boy, *Est-il à vendre?*

The boy, not understanding a word of it, turned to me and said, 'I do not understand the gentleman.'

I guessed immediately what the colonel meant doing, and said, 'My dear colonel, I hope you do not intend to buy that eagle? For God's sake do not think of such a thing! We have other affairs to think of.'

'Why not? I *will* have it. Ask him what he wants for it.'

'I will not. Ask Thélin what *he* thinks of it.'

'I do not care for anybody's opinion,' said he; 'I *will* have it. *Combien veux-tu?*'

The boy shrugged his shoulders. At last the colonel asked in broken English, 'How mooch?'

'One pound,' answered the boy.

He ordered the boy to put the eagle in the boat, and then Thélin and I jumped into it and rowed to the steamer. On arriving on board, the eagle was fastened to the mainmast by the boy, and from that moment it was never taken notice of until it was discovered and seized by the authorities at Boulogne, who took it to the museum, from which it fled away next morning, owing to some carelessness on the part of the men who had it in charge. Such is the real, unvarnished statement of the 'Boulogne eagle,' on which so much has been said, written, and even believed in by all parties, whether friends or foes. Is it not most extraordinary that a fact which had been witnessed by upwards of sixty people on board the steamer, and contradicted a great many times, should have been allowed to go the round of every country and left to cast ridicule on the Prince, who never saw or knew anything of the eagle on board

the 'Edinburgh Castle'? How many events recorded in history are to be put on a par with that of the 'Boulogne eagle'!

It was getting late (six o'clock), and the Prince had not as yet made his appearance. Count Persigny and Charles Thélin were as anxious as I was. We held a council, in consequence of which it was resolved that I should take a post-chaise and rush to Ramsgate, where General Montholon, Colonel Voisin, and Colonel Laborde had been sent by the Prince to wait for him. Colonel Voisin was the only one of the three in the secret of the real purport of the expedition. It was feared they would attribute the delay in the arrival of the Prince to some accident, which would necessitate their return to London. Such, at any rate, was the opinion of Count Persigny and Dr. Conneau, which I did not share. I started for Ramsgate, and arrived there at a very late hour. My sudden appearance at the hotel startled them; I was not expected. To their inquiries I made no answer. Colonel Voisin, finding that he could learn nothing as long as General Montholon and Colonel Laborde were up, proposed that we should all go to bed, and deliberate next morning on what was to be done. I agreed to this. On General Montholon and Colonel Laborde leaving the room, Colonel Voisin asked me

what had happened to prevent the Prince from being there at the appointed time. He was in the most agitated state of mind, and nothing that I could say to quiet him proved successful. It is now my duty to record another fact, which no person but myself is aware of, and which accounts for the utter failure of the Prince's landing at Boulogne.

III. ON BOARD.

The Prince, in giving me his instructions for the arrangements concerning the steamer, had particularly insisted on my being at Gravesend on August 4 at three o'clock P.M. exactly, 'because,' said he, 'we shall have to proceed to sea at once. We must land at Wimereux, near Boulogne, at four o'clock on the morning of the 5th.'

Colonel Voisin, in utter despair at the non-arrival of the steamer, and almost out of his mind, said: 'But do you not know that the success of our undertaking depends entirely on our reaching the barracks at Boulogne at four o'clock to-morrow morning (the 5th)? The only man we dread is Captain Col-Puygellier, commanding the battalion at Boulogne; besides being a man who will do his duty unflinchingly, he is a Republican, and we know that

nothing will induce him to join an Imperial Pretender.'

'That will not alter the state of affairs regarding this officer,' I said, 'for under these circumstances he will be against us at any time we may arrive, whether it is to-morrow or next day!'

'You are mistaken,' said the colonel. 'Captain Col-Puygellier will not be at Boulogne all day to-morrow. The Prince has purposely fixed the 5th for presenting himself before the battalion, because he knows that Captain Col-Puygellier has been invited to a shooting party at some distance from Boulogne, and in all probability will not be back until late at night. If we miss being there to-morrow, we are doomed to perish!'

It was one o'clock in the morning. Colonel Voisin opened the window to breathe the fresh air blowing in from the sea, and walked up and down the room in a most agitated frame of mind. The night was bright and still. I was leaning on the sill of the window, when I saw to the left, at some distance, a black column of smoke slowly elongating itself in opposite direction to the tide. I fancied I could hear the uniform noise of the paddle-wheels of a steamer, and I waited some little time before I called the attention of the colonel to the circum-

stance, lest he should be disappointed, as the steamer might be one of the many which leave the docks for Calais, Hamburg, Rotterdam, and other parts of the Continent. As the ship was steaming down, the noise became more distinct. Presently I saw a few sparks coming out of the funnel, which denoted her being near at hand. As she was approaching that part of the sea which faces the hotel, she slackened her speed.

The colonel and I were watching all her movements, but the night being dark, we could not distinguish what was taking place on board. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, when we heard the bell of the hotel ringing hurriedly. I opened the door of the room and rushed downstairs, to see who it was that had come from the steamer. It was Thélin. The Prince had arrived. I was ordered to go on board at once with General Montholon, Colonel Voisin, and Colonel Laborde.

Thélin having entered the room of General Montholon and Colonel Laborde, made them get up, and requested them to follow him to the steamer in the name of the Prince, who was waiting for them. As we were going down-stairs, General Montholon took me by the arm and whispered to me, 'I see what it is—the Prince is about making a *coup de tête!*'

In a few minutes we were on board the 'Edinburgh Castle.' No one was on deck. The Prince had assembled his followers below, and was about addressing them when we entered the cabin.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of General Montholon was the occasion of a general outburst of enthusiasm on the part of every one there. His name had been associated for many years with the Emperor at St. Helena, and had been the object of universal admiration and popularity for his tried devotedness to the great man. He received such a warm welcome from everyone as to make him forget the bitter disappointment he had confided to me, of not having been consulted by the Prince on the advisability, or opportuneness, of such an undertaking!

The address of the Prince was admirable.

The enthusiasm which it raised was the more exciting as it was compressed and restrained by the entreaties of the Prince, who feared that the attention of the captain and crew would be attracted by the noise.

It was two o'clock in the morning. At the request of the Prince, the cabin was cleared of everybody with the exception of General Montholon, the Colonels Voisin, Montauban, Laborde, Count Per-

signy, Forestier, Ornano, Viscount de Querelles, Galvani, D'Hunin, Faure, and myself, who were called by the Prince to deliberate in council on what was to be done under the circumstances.

I have already stated that the Prince was due at Gravesend between two and three o'clock (the 4th). On that day in London the French police seemed to have been more suspicious and active than usual. Most likely some of the men who were to follow the Prince let out at some coffee-room or public-house, that the pleasure trip to Hamburg was to take place next day. The Prince's house was actually *gardée à vue*, and wherever he went, he was followed and closely watched. However quickly he drove, he was not lost sight of. At twelve o'clock on that day, the Prince was to start from my house, 18 Stockbridge Terrace, Pimlico, attended by Montauban, who had been left in charge of a large sum of money. A post-chaise with two horses was kept ready in a yard close by to come round to my door, just in time for the Prince to step in. It will be easily conceived how strongly drawbacks which even in the ordinary events of life upset the best concocted and arranged schemes, must have preyed upon the Prince's mind to cause him to forget the *point* on which I had called his most particular attention every day,—*the tide!*

When the Prince came on board the steamer at Gravesend it was quite late,—the night was dark. We were expected to reach Boulogne at three o'clock on the morning of the 5th. The four hundred men of the 42nd Line Regiment forming the garrison were ready to proclaim the Prince, and everything was prepared in the town for a popular rising to follow the military demonstration. From our failing to be at Boulogne on the appointed day (the 5th), the projected attack, which had been made to rely for success upon some reasonable chances, had become a most hazardous and difficult adventure. It was evident we could not land at or near Boulogne before the 6th, as nothing could be attempted in the daytime. The Prince called upon every one of us to give his opinion on what was to be done in the emergency. Out of twelve, three advised the Prince to return to London! Nine insisted on the landing taking place, and on a desperate dash being made towards the barracks, in order to secure the adhesion of the battalion at any price and by all available means, and leaving the town at once, reach by a quick march St. Omer, where other formidable elements of success were at hand.

The Prince appealed to me for information with reference to what would occur if we went back to

London. I said it was very difficult to say how it would end: if the British Government took a bad view of it, most likely we should be arrested and tried for misdemeanour. It was true that those who were on board might be landed at the different points we took them up at, and by this dispersion reduce to a minimum the number of those liable to an indictment; but what was to be done with the arms, the uniforms, the printed proclamations and other documents of a very insurrectionary tinge, which the Custom House officers would find on board on our arriving at London Bridge? 'We steer between two great dangers. By going back to London we become the laughing-stock of everybody —ridicule will kill us! If we cross the Channel we run the risk of being shot, or imprisoned for a more or less length of time. Of the two I prefer the latter! As regards yourself, nothing would be more disastrous to your future prospects than being shown up to the public as a man who, at the eleventh hour, has been acted upon by considerations of a purely personal character. Let us save at least our honour, if we are doomed to lose everything else!'

The Prince, who had been imperceptibly nodding at me all the time I was speaking, rose and said: 'Gentlemen! a show of hands from those who wish

to be left behind; and prefer returning to London.' A dead silence!

The Prince paused a few seconds, and fixing his eyes in rapid succession on every one of us round the table, as if he tried to read on our faces what would be the answer to his second question, said, 'Gentlemen, a show of hands from those who are willing to follow me and share my fate!'

The utterance of these words caused an indescribable outburst of enthusiasm, mingled with expressions of the most touching devotion, as if every one of us dreaded even the appearance of being the last to come forward. We sprang from our seats as it were by an electric movement, and gave to the Prince's appeal such a heartfelt recognition as to render him powerless for a few moments to acknowledge it, so deep was his emotion at such a scene.

'I thank you, my friends,' said he, 'for the readiness and high spirit with which you have responded to my call. I never doubted your willingness to aid me in the furtherance of my projects, but the way you have now given vent to your devotion to me has imparted a new vigour to my mind, and bound my heart to you with a sense of deepest and everlasting gratitude. Let us bear together the consequences of this enterprise, whatever they may

be, with the calmness behoving men who act from conviction. Our cause is that of the country at large. Sooner or later success will be with us. I feel it! I have faith in my destiny! I look forward to the future with as full a confidence as I expect the sun to rise to-day to dispel darkness. We shall have adverse circumstances to struggle against, and obloquy to face; but the "hour" will come, and we shall not have very long to wait for it.'

The time had arrived for a prompt decision respecting the steps to be taken, in consequence of our being twenty-four hours behind our time for the landing at Boulogne. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning (5th). It was resolved that Forestier, the cousin of Count Persigny, should go at once to Boulogne for the purpose of informing Lieutenant Aladenize of the 42nd, and Bataille, of what had occurred, and to get everything ready, as far as it was possible, for the next day (the 6th). A boat manned by two men was hired—not without some difficulty; Forestier stepped into it and crossed the Channel, reaching Boulogne at 11 A.M.

The next step that had to be considered was whether we should remain at Ramsgate till night, and commence crossing the Channel at such a time as would enable us to reach Wimereux by two

o'clock on the morning of the 6th. Wimereux is a little village at a short distance from Boulogne, and was stated by the Prince to be the spot at which the landing was to take place. After deliberating for some time on the advisability of remaining at Ramsgate the whole day of the 5th, it was unanimously resolved, in order to avoid the danger of being pried into, either by the authorities consequent upon information given to them by the French police in London, or upon some unforeseen intrusion on board the steamer, it was safer to go tacking about at sea at such distances as could make us be lost sight of till dark.

It was five o'clock. The weather was beautiful, and the sea very calm. I ordered the captain to bear towards Rye at a moderate speed, as we were to be joined by another party coming from that direction. We entered the bay, and remained there a short time. Then we went back, keeping at a considerable distance from the English coast. Then I ordered the engine to be eased, as we wanted to take our breakfast, and to steer very gently towards the South Foreland.

Up to that moment things seemed to go right enough on board, but my mind was terribly harassed at the momentous disclosure I was about to make to

Captain Crow of the ultimate direction of the ship. In my perplexity, which was shared by no one else on board, I stood on the paddle-box watching every movement of the captain, and of the first mate, whom I fancied was not so manageable as the captain himself.

The Prince was evidently becoming as nervous as I was respecting the measures the captain would resolve to take on his being made aware of the final destination of the 'Edinburgh Castle.' The Prince wished me to at once disclose to him what we really intended to do. I objected on the ground that it was too soon. 'I must seize a better opportunity,' said I; 'I do not see my way to it just now.'

'I fully rely on you,' he said, 'to act as you think best.' I then ordered the steamer to cross the Channel and make for Cape Grinez. It was getting late. The time was approaching when our fate was to be decided. While I was walking on deck, I distinctly heard the first mate say to the captain, 'Why do you allow yourself to be so dictated to by one of the passengers?'

'My instructions are that I am to go wherever I am ordered,' answered the captain. 'I cannot act in opposition to them.'

At length the time came when the communication

of our purpose to the captain could no longer be delayed; I told Thélin to clear the main cabin at once, as I must have an interview with him which might be a stormy one. I requested the Prince to wait for me at the door of the cabin, and to rush downstairs on my coming up from it, as it would be a sign that I had made a clean breast of the matter, and that his presence was indispensable to secure the result.

'My dear captain,' said I, 'the object for which we chartered this steamer was neither smuggling nor a pleasure trip, but a political demonstration, which, if successful, will probably cause great changes to take place in France. Among the passengers there is one to whom, under the circumstances, I must introduce you' . . . . and rushing half-way upstairs, I made a sign to the Prince to come down, which he did. The introduction being made, I left the cabin and stood at the door to prevent anyone from interrupting the interview between the Prince and the captain, which lasted half an hour.

On the Prince stepping on deck, followed by the captain, he said in a low voice to me, 'All right!'

The news that we were going to land on the French coast spread on board like wildfire, both among our own men as well as the crew, without,

however, giving rise to anything verging upon excessive surprise or bitter disappointment.

We had still a last, though not least, trial to go through before we could consider ourselves quite safe, namely, the opening of the van, the distribution of the arms, of the uniforms, and the reading of the proclamations, all of which were an unexpected *mise-en-scène* for every one of our men, and for a few of the small circle of the friends of the Prince.

The proclamation to the French was first read, and then distributed, and elicited marks of the greatest enthusiasm. In less than half an hour the steamer was strewed with garments of all sorts. As it was dark, there was some difficulty in appropriating to each individual whatever article was intended for him, but this was accomplished. Lights were put out. No light at the mast was allowed—complete silence on board.

IV. LANDING AND STRUGGLE.

At three o'clock A.M. of August 6 we were at Wimereux, as near the coast as possible, in two fathoms of water.

The landing began at once, but as we had only one boat on board it took some time to effect it. In

the first journey there went on shore Viscount de Querelles and eight men. At their approach two coastguardsmen hallooed to them '*Qui vive?*' De Querelles answered, 'A detachment of the 42nd coming from Dunkerque to join the battalion at Boulogne. Through some accident to the engine, the steamer cannot go further.'

As all our men were clothed and armed exactly like the French garrisons, the two coastguardsmen welcomed them.

The second journey brought Colonel Voisin, Mesonan, and eight more men. Then landed the Prince, with General Montholon, Count Persigny, and a few others. This sudden gathering of armed men on the sea shore, at such an early hour, did not attract much notice, as I was afraid it would. I was the last to leave the steamer. Before landing, I ordered the captain to go near the harbour, but not to get in until I made him a signal to that effect with a white flag. At five o'clock we were within fifty yards of the barracks. At the sight of this armed force the sentinel cried '*Qui vive?*' and 'To arms!' One of our men, who had been in the army, was sent forward with the watchword, which we knew, while we halted at a distance. This formality having been gone through, the gate of the barracks was thrown

open, and the Prince, at the head of his friends and followed by his little troop, entered the yard.

The soldiers forming the garrison were just getting out of their beds. The few who were already downstairs on different duties were soon made to understand who we were and what we came there for. The name of the Prince was familiar to them. These rushed upstairs to convey to their comrades the news of what was going on, which spread wonderfully quick in every corner of the building. Soldiers looking out of the windows were shouting 'Vive le Prince!' Others were running downstairs, half-dressed. In less than half an hour every soldier was under arms and formed in battalion. Our little troop was facing it. The Prince and his friends stood between the two.

The address of the Prince to the soldiers produced the most magic effect. The enthusiasm was immense!

We were about leaving the barracks with the whole battalion, for the purpose of executing in the town the task assigned to us, in accordance with the printed instructions we had received on board, when we heard a great bustle outside. Colonel Voisin had posted sentinels at every corner of the street leading to the barracks, previous to our getting into the building, for the purpose of preventing the officers

who were not in the secret of the conspiracy, and who lived in lodgings in the neighbourhood of the barracks, from attempting to counterbalance by their presence the effect of that of the Prince on the battalion.

This step had to some extent the desired effect; but one of them rushed to Captain Col-Puygellier's house to inform him of what was taking place at the barracks. Without losing a moment the captain put on his uniform, and came right on the first sentinel, who crossed his bayonet on him. Undaunted by this hostile reception, he drew his sword, and dashing through the crowd assembled before the barracks and followed by a few officers who had joined him, forced his way into the middle of the yard, and brandishing his sword, heedless of the resistance opposed to him by our men, succeeded at last in coming in sight of his battalion. When they saw the danger their captain was in, owing mainly to Lombard unwisely threatening to shoot him dead by pointing a revolver at his head, the soldiers to a man, who had a few minutes before shouted 'Vive le Prince! Sortons! sortons!' (Let us be off! let us be off!), turned against us, crying 'Vive notre Capitaine!'

Meanwhile General Montholon, addressing Captain Col-Puygellier, said: 'Here is Prince Louis

Napoleon! Follow us, captain, and you will get anything you like!'

The captain answered, 'Prince Louis or not, I do not know you. Napoleon, your predecessor, has overthrown Legitimacy, and it is not the right thing for you to attempt vindicating it in this place. Evacuate the barracks at once.'

The pressure practised on the captain was frightful.

'Murder me if you like,' said he, 'for I will do my duty to the last.'

Mercifully, at that momentous juncture, Lieutenant Aladenize, who had been the chief actor in that part of the conspiracy which referred to the battalion, rushed to the rescue of his captain, and shielding him with his body, said: 'I answer for his life! Do not touch him.' By so doing he saved Captain Col-Puygellier's life.

It became evident that no resistance could be of any avail. Had the fight begun in the barracks, a terrible catastrophe would have ensued.

Lieutenant Aladenize was mad with despair. He drew his sword and tried to break it in two. Captain Col-Puygellier seized him by the arm and endeavoured to detain him, but Aladenize preferred sharing the fate of his friends, and freeing himself

from the grasp of the captain, took up his sword and followed the Prince out of the barracks, which were shut at once by order of the captain. Then a rush at the cartridge store took place inside the barracks, after which Captain Col-Puygellier ordered the arms to be loaded; but having pledged his word to the Prince that he would not pursue him, waited for instructions from the civil authorities.

The Prince and his little troop tried to enter the old town. They found the gate closed. We attempted to pull it down, but it resisted our united power.

The failure was complete. The chiefs of the popular movement which were to support the military rising having surmised, by the non-arrival of the Prince on the morning of the 5th, that something had taken place either in London or at sea which had given a clue to the French authorities, had decamped from the town, and had left the people to take care of themselves. Mons. Forestier, who had reached Boulogne late on the 5th, bringing the news that the Prince would land on the 6th, could not communicate with any of them.

The only one he saw was Lieutenant Aladenize, who, knowing Captain Col-Puygellier was to be in town next day, prophesied an unfavourable issue to the undertaking.

Nothing else was possible but to endeavour to save the Prince. We directed our steps towards the Column with a view to reach the shore on that side, and to seize the first boat at hand for the Prince to step in, and make for the steamer.

It is impossible to give an idea of the state of mind the Prince was in. He grasped the iron railings round the Column with such vigour that many of us were required to force him to let go his hold, so determined was he to be killed. We took him on our shoulders and carried him down the cliff, not without the greatest difficulty. Meanwhile we could hear the drums beating 'la générale' in every part of the town, calling to arms the National Guard.

I then gave the signal to the 'Edinburgh Castle' to come near the shore. As she did not answer it, I inferred that she was already seized by the authorities and under their control.

At last we reached the sea. On the sand we found a small boat. The Prince was still opposing the greatest resistance. Time was precious. The ridges of the cliffs were already covered with gendarmes, followed by the National Guard. The soldiers of the 42nd Regiment had been kept shut up in the barracks, and only made use of after the

Prince was arrested. The work of pursuing us was left to the National Guards and to the gendarmes. The former behaved like savages. The firing soon began from the height of the hill, and increased as they were coming near us. We could hear the whistling of the bullets, but not one of us had been hit yet. The Prince at last got into the boat with Colonel Voisin and Count Persigny and Galvani—Ornano and I were pushing to make her float, which we did not succeed in doing, owing to her being overloaded. Seeing that, Colonel Voisin jumped into the sea to join his exertions with ours to bring the boat into deep water; this was done in a few seconds. On seeing the boat leaving the shore, the National Guards opened a brisker fire upon us. Ornano and I lay flat on the sand watching the boat, as we hoped, getting safely off, when we heard two dreadful screams proceeding from her. Galvani and Colonel Voisin had been wounded, Galvani in the right hip and Colonel Voisin had the elbow of his left arm completely shattered. Both were powerful, heavy men. The pain must have been excruciating, as they caused the boat to capsize, which made the Prince and his friends disappear under her. Here the Prince and his friends had a most miraculous escape, for scarcely had the boat turned bottom up-

wards than a sharp discharge of musketry, evidently directed on the same point, cut open the bottom of the boat, fracturing the keel into matchwood.

Had not the boat capsized, death must have been inevitable for the Prince and his friends.

Presently we saw Colonel Voisin and Galvani, struggling for life and calling for help. Ornano and I swam to Colonel Voisin's assistance, while two other men went to save Galvani. Both were brought on shore. We stopped the bleeding of the elbow with a handkerchief. The firing had ceased after the boat had capsized. The Prince and Count Persigny were still under water. We felt anxious, when suddenly both appeared again at a considerable distance from the shore, swimming towards the 'Edinburgh Castle.' At the sight of the Prince trying to escape by getting on board the steamer, the National Guards began firing again at him as they were coming down the cliffs. It was a miracle that the Prince was not hit. At last, as he was reaching the steamer (which was already in the hands of the Boulogne authorities), a boat with several officials coming out of the harbour cut off his retreat, and the Prince and Count Persigny had consequently no chance of escape. They surrendered, were made prisoners, and taken to the Vieux

Château, at which place all those were confined who could be discovered and arrested. We had to deplore the death of two of our friends, M. Faure and M. D'Hunin, a Pole, the brother of the Bishop of Posen. The former was shot in the neck, the latter was found floating under the pier, frightfully wounded. The only one who succeeded in making his escape was Viscount de Querelles, who was fortunate enough to find refuge in a humble cottage, and through the disguise of a sailor crossed the Channel in the night, and arrived in London to convey the sad news of our defeat.

The few days which followed the seizure of the steamer, and the arrest of everyone who could be found connected with the expedition, were passed by the Boulogne judicial authorities in examining and cross-examining Captain Crow and the English crew about what they had seen, surmised, known, or suspected to be our object, and also to ascertain from them what was the part played on board by all the party, especially as regarded the directions given to the steamer.

One morning we were all brought together in a room (the Prince excepted). Captain Crow, and Fisher, the first mate, were requested to look at every one of us, and to see if among the number

they could distinguish the person who gave the orders for the direction between Ramsgate and Wimereux. As I expected, both came up to me, and pointed at me as the man whose orders they were directed to execute.

PRINCE NAPOLEON BEFORE THE COURT OF PEERS.

The preliminary judicial formalities having been completed at Boulogne, the Prince was conveyed to Paris to be tried with his associates by the Court of Peers (convened by Royal Decree of August 9), for

landing at Boulogne an armed force with a view of upsetting the existing Government. A few days after his departure, all those who had not been set at liberty by the Boulogne authorities were sent to Paris, and lodged *au secret* at the Préfecture de Police.

There we remained for two months. At last the day for our trial arrived. The sentences passed by the Court were—for the Prince and Lieutenant Aladenize, imprisonment for life; for General Montholon, Persigny, Colonel Parquin, Colonel Voisin, Commandant Mesonan, imprisonment for twenty years; for myself and others, imprisonment for five years.

Thus ended the adventurous Boulogne expedition, against which so much has been said by friends and foes, on small evidence, considering how little was known respecting the means by which the great end was to be attained.

Judging the enterprise as an historical matter of fact, irrespective of all moral considerations, it is not unreasonable to suppose that had the Prince been able to reach St. Omer with the 400 men of Boulogne, matters would have taken quite a different turn, because Lille with her garrison of 15,000 men was near at hand. The whole undertaking hinged on our being successful at Boulogne, namely, on our

arriving there on the 5th instead of the 6th of August, when we were no longer expected to arrive, and people had lost confidence in the reports of the Prince's agents.

However conflicting, ridiculous, or exaggerated may be the remarks of party spirit, the culminating fact which history will record is that the wonderful career of the Prince and his advent to the supreme power was conspicuously affected by two enterprises, which, however wildly conceived, served to keep his name before France, and to stir the popular heart regarding him.

Prince Louis Napoleon proved his prophecy to be true, '*J'arriverai de chute en chute.*'

The Prince, General Montholon, and Dr. Conneau were to be confined in the fortress of Ham. Colonel Parquin, Colonel Montauban, Commandant Mesonan, Persigny, Aladenize, Bataille, Ornano, Lombard, and myself in the fortress of Doullens. Colonel Voisin being severely wounded in his arm, was allowed to remain a prisoner *sur parole* in a *maison de santé.*

THE CITADEL OF DOULLENS.

THE citadel of Doullens, situated in the *département de la Somme*, was the place fixed upon by the Government for the imprisonment of Colonels Parquin and Montauban, of Commandant Mesonan, Persigny, Aladenize, Lombard, Ornano, Bataille, and myself.

It was about fifteen leagues from Ham, where the Prince was confined with General Montholon, Dr. Conneau, and Charles Thélin, the Prince's faithful servant.

The citadel, erected by Vauban on a height commanding the small town of Doullens, being considered unfit to answer the requirements of modern warfare, had been left in a comparative state of neglect, both as regards the outward fortifications and the internal building, of which the two lateral wings, forming the prison, were surrounded by two high walls, ten feet apart one from the other, to leave a space (called *chemin de ronde*) for the

sentries to circulate freely round it, and be on the watch by night and day.

The left wing had already 110 occupants, all Republicans of different shade and position.

The right wing was assigned to us; we were granted the privilege of having each of us a separate room, into which we were locked at nine o'clock in the evening.

The Governor, whose discretionary power for the accommodation of the prisoners entrusted to his vigilance was almost unlimited, had kindly allowed Colonels Parquin, Montauban, and Commandant Mesonan, in consideration of their age and military rank, to occupy a separate room in the central part of the building, overlooking our yard, which was as comfortable as they could expect under the circumstances.

With the exception of the loss of our liberty and the few restrictions inflicted upon us, which in my opinion political prisoners have no right to complain of, the treatment we received at the hands of our Governor was kind and gentlemanly, and although the rules of the prison were strictly and equally enforced both as regards ourselves and the Republicans, who were nearly all workmen in various handicrafts, still he knew how to make his duties tally with perfect

impartiality and fair dealing, by an intelligent discrimination of the concessions he deemed acceptable to both parties, taking into consideration their comparative stations in life and their superior education. There was no distinction between the two respecting the rooms, the food or clothing supplied by the Government; a good bed, deal table and two chairs, completed the furniture of our cells. The food was sufficient, but of a very indifferent quality.

Early in the morning a loaf of bread and half a litre of wine were brought to each of us. Five days in the week, at ten o'clock, we were supplied with a large bowl containing a piece of boiled beef floating in broth, which with a dish of stewed vegetables brought in at three o'clock, completed our food for the day. On Sunday and Thursday we had a large roasted joint of beef, mutton, or veal, with potatoes.

The clothing was the same for all the inmates. A suit of dark blue cloth, consisting of a pair of trousers, waistcoat, jacket, and cap. On every Sunday we were supplied with clean linen. It must not be inferred that we were bound by compulsory disciplinary regulations to wear the clothing or eat the food of the prison allowance. It was optional for us to order a better dinner from the town, or cook it ourselves in our rooms if we chose to do so, provided we

paid for it, and contented ourselves with quenching our thirst with our half litre of wine, more or less diluted with water, as not a bottle of wine or spirits could enter the precincts of the prison without an order from the Governor.

The same may be said of the clothing. However, with the exception of Christmas Day, New Year's Day, Easter Sunday, and the 15th of August, upon which occasions we dressed in our own clothes, to gather round a friendly dinner in Colonel Montauban's room, with a special permission from the Governor to allow each of us to indulge in one bottle of any wine we preferred, never did we cease wearing the *prison uniform* or living on the prison allowance of food, and we soon found from experience that a sparing diet was far better for our health, and that the warm coarse clothes supplied to us, with a pair of thick wooden shoes, were best suited to the damp cold climate of Doullens.

To turn to some advantage the long weary days we were doomed to spend within those walls, I initiated the idea of giving lessons in English and Italian to those who felt inclined to improve themselves. My idea was endorsed by Bataille, a civil engineer, who had come out of the Ecole Polytechnique with flying colours. He offered to give lec-

tures in arithmetic and geometry. Scarcely had he and I commenced to carry out our programme, than some of the most respectable Republican workmen of the left wing asked us the favour of being allowed to attend our lessons. The Governor, to whom of course they applied for leave to do so, referred to me, and after securing my assent and that of my friends, gave permission to seven of them to join us, and learn whatever they considered would be most useful to themselves, either in arithmetic, geometry, or English.

My time was very much engaged in preparing my lessons in the two languages, but success crowned my exertions, for I had the satisfaction of enabling Persigny, Aladenize, and one of the Republicans to speak English pretty well, and to translate *extempore* the leading articles of the 'Times,' the only foreign paper we were allowed to read in addition to the 'Journal des Débats.'

As far as I was concerned, days were passing away quietly, smoothly, and made short by the occupations which I devised. The Governor, whose duty it was to read our correspondence, had relaxed from his stringency, the Prince's letters, that came from Ham, being the only ones undergoing examination.

This kind intercourse between the Governor and ourselves received a great check from the foolish attempt made by Persigny to escape from the fortress by means of a silk ladder, found by the gaoler hidden in a hole worked out between the wall and one of the beams supporting the roof.

The ill-feeling created by this incident lasted some time, but subsided at last on Persigny pledging his word not to repeat a similar attempt.

The intervals of time left to me by the daily occupation of teaching were mainly devoted to chemical and mechanical pursuits, with a view of carrying out (if possible) the scheme of Prince Napoleon Louis, of applying the archimedean screw to propelling aerostats, of which I had seen a model in his library at Florence in 1829.

M. Dieÿ, the Governor, was a man of education and of no slight literary information. He had taken a fancy to me. Now and then he used to come to my room under pretext of inquiring whether I had anything to complain of on the part of the attendants. One day I seized the opportunity offered to me by his inquiries about what I was doing, to ask him whether I could be allowed to construct a small aerostat, and to have it tried outside the walls of the prison on the *glacis* of the citadel.

'I have no objection to it myself,' said he, 'but I could not comply with your request before I received from the Minister the authority to do so.' A fortnight after, the Governor brought me the good tidings that the Minister had given his consent, not, however, without holding him personally responsible for the possible escape on that occasion of any of the prisoners under his charge.

I set to work immediately. Within six weeks I had completed the mechanism and constructed the aerostat (in the shape of an egg somewhat elongated). On the day appointed I filled it with gas, and having secured it with cords, floated it above the walls of the prison in the open space of the citadel.

The experiment, which succeeded beyond my expectation, took place in the presence of the Préfet, the Maire, the Garrison, and of a few visitors invited by the Governor to attend it. Ornano and Bataille were the only prisoners permitted to be my assistants in the operation. The Governor was so pleased with my success, that, on August 28, 1842, he reported the Minister as follows:

'M. le Ministre,—The experiment has taken place and has fully succeeded. On its being kept in equilibrium at a short distance from the ground by means of

a proper weight, the aerostat was lifted up to a height of 300 yards, and brought down again by the sole action of the mechanism, set in motion by the same weight which, as soon as it was let loose, acted as the moving power to make the two archimedean screws revolve with the greatest rapidity. The experiment was repeated to give the aerostat a horizontal direction, which proved as successful as the first, the aerostat having gone a considerable distance in a line perfectly parallel to the ground, both with and against wind. I thought, M. le Ministre, that you would feel some interest in the success of a scientific experiment, and I have the honour to inform you of it.

'DIEÏ, Governor of the Prison of Doullens.'

THE ESCAPE OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON FROM THE FORTRESS OF HAM.

MY INTERVIEW WITH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 3, 1845.

AT the expiration of five years I was set at liberty, with the option of my submission either to perpetual banishment from the French territory, or to a compulsory residence in a French town designated by the Minister of the Interior.

As I could be of no use to the Prince so long as I was under the surveillance of the French autho- , I informed the Minister of my intention to return to England, and applied for a passport, which was delivered to me at once.

The Prince was aware of my movements, and no sooner was my presence in London known to him, than he wrote me about his intention of making an escape from Ham, at any price and at all risks and hazards he might be personally exposed to, as he

had been formally and most peremptorily refused leave by the King to go and see his dying father at Florence, despite the repeated applications made by a large number of deputies and peers to King Louis Philippe to that effect.

EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING WHERE THE PRINCE WAS CONFINED.

The Prince had been offered secretly many plans to effect his escape. Not one of them seemed practicable to him; and fearing that the suggestions emanated from the authorities, to sound his real

intentions, he openly eschewed and condemned all idea of making his escape from the fortress.

The Prince was keeping, all this time, a secret correspondence with me, through his faithful valet-de-chambre, Charles Thélin, who was allowed to go to Ham to buy whatever the Prince required. At last, having made up his mind to follow the plan he had adopted to recover his liberty, the Prince urgently requested me to find some one willing to advance him five or six thousand pounds, on the best terms possible.

In his anxiety to be free, he sent me letters of introduction to several of his former friends in London, with a view of obtaining the necessary funds. Not one responded to his application. Twelve months of unceasing exertions had nearly exhausted and discouraged me. One day, among the different personages I had the opportunity of applying to, I happened to call on an M.P., formerly a bosom friend of the Prince, who plainly told me that if he could ever be induced to lay out 6,000*l.* on account of the Prince, it would be on the distinct understanding that the money should serve to keep him a prisoner for life. This sudden burst of *charitable* feeling on the part of this gentleman was not likely to be quietly acquiesced in by me, in the agitated state of

mind I was in. I said that although he had the unquestionable right to decline making any advance to the Prince, I contested the propriety of adding to his refusal a remark of such bad taste, the more so as his well-known professed observance of the Sabbath and the strict open fulfilment of his religious duties had led me to suppose that he would have been inspired with more Christian feelings towards his old friend the Prince.

It was the evening of that very day (December 1, 1845) that in my utter despair I determined to write to H.R.H. the Duke of Brunswick for an audience. The next day the Duke wrote as follows:

'Le Duc Souverain de Brunswick recevra monsieur Orsi demain (3 décembre) à 4 heures de l'après-midi.

'Brunswick House, ce 2 décembre 1845.'

The outward appearance of Brunswick House is far from being attractive, and from the heavy gloomy aspect of the exterior building, one would fancy it more fit for a prison than for the residence of a gentleman.

The Duke had made it still more unsightly. From the entrance-gate to the house, which stood in the middle of a large courtyard, nothing struck

your eyes that was cheerful or comfortable. Everything was stiff, dull, and as silent as a graveyard. Two large dogs chained to the wall were the vigilant guardians of the place. Twice had I to show the letter of audience before I could get in. I was at last ushered into a dark cold room, having a round table in the centre, and four chairs, two of which were arm-chairs by the fireside. A single candle was lit on the table, the walls were bare, and no vestige of comfort could be seen, as I expected.

Twenty minutes had already elapsed, when I saw a slight movement in a thick curtain hanging over the side door of the room. All of a sudden the head of a man covered with a huge black plush hood, which concealed all but the nose, peeped in through the curtains. The hood formed part of a long gown, also of black plush, which was fastened to the waist by a thick silk cord. It was the Duke of Brunswick. His hands were plunged in the two side pockets of his *robe de chambre*, grasping a revolver in each of them, as I learnt from himself a few days after my first interview.

The Duke came right to the table, which stood between us as a sort of barrier. His eyes were flashing through the narrow opening of his hood, as if he imagined I was planning to commit a murder.

We looked at each other for a few seconds, which seemed to me to be a long time; at last he broke out:

"'You asked for an audience; what is it you want?'

'Your Highness will, I hope, allow me to say that the object for which I came here to-day is such as to require some little time, and I shall consider it a favour if you will let me explain it while your Highness is seated.'

By a movement of his hand he pointed to an arm-chair by the fireside. The Duke sat opposite to me.

'I entreat your Highness to make some allowance for the agitated state of my mind, owing to the delicate and difficult mission entrusted to me; and if what I am going to say is unpalatable to you, I crave most earnestly your pardon for having so intruded upon your Highness. Remembering with pleasure the friendly relations which existed between your Highness and Prince Louis Napoleon during his stay in this country, and acting under the impression that political interests of the greatest magnitude might find a favourable issue in the combined efforts of your Highness and himself, the Prince, now a prisoner at Ham, has requested me to make an

appeal to your Highness's generosity, for a loan he requires to effect his escape from the prison.'

Scarcely had I uttered the last words, than the Duke, pulling back his hood with both his hands by a frantic movement, showed his denuded head, and with a sort of indescribable yell, exclaimed:

'What! A loan? Did I understand you right? Say it again, say it again!'

This sudden burst of fury did not take me by surprise. I was fully prepared to stand it unmoved; I remained silent a few seconds.

The Duke looked at me without uttering a word.

'It is quite natural that your Highness should feel surprised at an application which is one of no ordinary character, but no one better than yourself could see at a glance the political interests at stake, in refusing or complying with the request of the Prince for the loan of 6,000*l.*'

The Duke rose as pale as a ghost, and stretched his arm to lay hold of the bell-rope. Before he could ring, I rose and said:

'For God's sake, please your Highness, listen to me. I have much to say that can alter your mind. I implore you to hear me for a few seconds.'

The Duke flung the bell-rope against the wall, and in a stout, stern voice, said:

'I do not know which I have to admire the most —my own patience or your unheard-of impudence. A loan of 6,000*l.* to Prince Napoleon, indeed! How likely that I should agree to it! *Your* Prince seems to be unaware that I am a staunch republican. I am the friend of Cavaignac, of Marrast, and of all the chief leaders of that party; I am the largest shareholder in the 'National,' which I supply with all the money it requires. Backed by the republican principles, I will and shall wage war against all monarchical powers, and Germany in particular. Your Prince's advent to France means nothing if it does not mean royalty or empire. I will not betray my new friends. I refuse the Prince the 6,000*l.* you ask in his name.'

This declaration of republican principles on the part of the Duke of Brunswick took me aback. I did not expect that. I had never heard of his being now mixed up with the 'National' party. I saw at once that my task was more difficult than I had anticipated.

One may be more or less successful in appealing to the feelings of a man on behalf of another, or in causing a political man to abdicate his former opinions, either by dint of argument or by the tempting vision of his private interests. But what are the chances of

success in trying to bring back to his former faith a convert to principles the antipodes of those which are the very essence of his *raison d'être*, and this convert to be the Duke of Brunswick—a member of the most aristocratic dynasty in Europe? However, it flashed through my mind that, as some great incentive had worked upon the Duke to open his arms to the republican party, a still greater inducement offered to him might possibly bring him back to the ideas he had imbibed from his infancy.

'How far your Highness will benefit by an alliance with the republicans, is a matter which has been assuredly taken into serious consideration by you. But you will allow me to remark that the conflict of interests certain to arise between your principles and those of your new allies will not make it a desirable compact, and a split will soon take place, as is always the case in every political alliance resting on one-sided hopes and expectations.

'Your alliance with the republicans, unnatural though it is, offers them at any rate a tangible benefit, the only one they require from you—money.

'In the supposition of their cause being triumphant, they will, the day after their victory, perse-

cute you and fail in all their engagements. The present leaders of the republican party are gentlemen of position and education. I know them personally. But they have the people behind, to whom they are and must be subservient, and to whom they have held out promises which must be kept, whether they like it or not. But what is your gain in all this? Your Highness's object, if I understand you right, is to extend your influence in Germany. It is not France that you may hope to govern. Your alliance with the republicans can only have in view a general revolution, enabling you through the turmoil to foment a general rise in Germany. This too your Highness will find to be a complete fallacy. The German republicans are more solidly republican than the French, and they will prove as much if not more adverse to any monarchical chief than the French. You will disappear in the vortex of a great catastrophe, and you will not even elicit the interest generally felt for those who sacrifice their all for the promotion of noble and patriotic views.'

The Duke rose quickly, and said: 'You have my answer to the application of the Prince. I beg you will convey it to him. I feel deeply for his position, but I see no reason for me to alter my decision.'

I saw it was all over. There was a moment of

dead silence on both sides. We were face to face for a few seconds. At last I took my hat and walked to the door, which I opened and held by the knob.

'I hope your Highness will forgive my intruding upon you as I have done. In giving me the mission of appealing to you for the means of recovering his liberty, Prince Louis Napoleon meant something more than putting himself under any pecuniary obligation towards you as a friend. His views were broader, and, under existing circumstances, were more conducive to the political welfare of both. In accepting this mission, and on your granting me this audience, for which I shall ever be grateful, I felt sure of having at last met with the only man capable, by his lofty position, to understand the advantages to be derived by linking his future political prospects to those of a man whose popularity was then at the highest point. I had imagined that your Highness was aware of the true state of public opinion in France as regards the name of Napoleon. Had I been allowed to converse freely with your Highness, I would have brought home to you the irresistible conviction that the prisoner of Ham was destined to mark the milestone at which the old world will finish and the new will begin. I own that my disappoint-

ment is extreme. May your Royal Highness not think me too presumptuous in predicting that in less than two years you will regret the refusal made to the demand of the Prince.'

I bowed and was retiring, when the Duke said: '*Restez, je vous prie.* I never believed in prophecies, and still less do I believe in the one referring to the prisoner of Ham. In fact, I have as great a reluctance in believing in prophecies as I have in doing anything of importance on any day bearing in its number the figure 7. Had you asked me for an audience on the 7th, or the 17th, or the 27th, I would have taken no notice of it. However, your prophesying to me the future advent to power of the Prince in such glowing colours has awakened my curiosity. I should like to see whether your prophecy will turn out true. Mind, I make no engagement by speaking thus; but as you seem to know the state of public opinion in France better than I do, I may be induced to do something for the Prince if you can show me in a tangible and comprehensive way that the advent of the Prince to the supreme power in France is simply a *question of time.*'

It took me one hour and a half to lay before the Duke the real state of French politics. He never interrupted me. At last he got up, and after walk-

ing across the room backwards and forwards for some time, like a man who awakes from a dream, he said: 'Write to the Prince that I put 6,000*l.* at his disposal on the following terms:

'1. That the Prince shall accept three bills for 2,000*l.* each, payable in five years at 5 per cent.

'2. That 800*l.* out of the 6,000*l.* shall be taken by him in shares of the "National" and at par.

'3. That an offensive and defensive alliance shall be entered into between him and me, by which the Prince, in the event of his coming to be elected king, president, or emperor, will engage to assist me in my views on Germany, I undertaking to do the same on his behalf in the event of my advent to power in Germany before he succeeds in France.

'4. That you shall start immediately for Ham with Mr. George Thomas Smith, in order to ascertain the state of affairs and carry out the programme in its entirety.'[1]

[1] *Treaty between His Royal Highness the Duke of Brunswick and His Imperial Highness Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.*

WE, C. F. A. G. Duke of Brunswick, and we, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, hereby settle and agree as follows:—

ARTICLE I.—We promise and make oath, on our honour and

I agreed, in the name of the Prince, to the terms proposed by his Highness. Two days afterwards I started for Paris, where I met Mr. Smith, who had left London the day before.

the gospel, to assist one another; we, Charles Duke of Brunswick, to be reinstated on the throne of the Duchy of Brunswick, to effect, if possible, the unity of Germany, and to grant her a constitution adapted to her temperament, requirements, and progress of the times; and we, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, to restore France to her own right of sovereignty, of which she was deprived in 1830, and to enable her to pronounce in full liberty upon the form of Government she prefers to adopt.

ARTICLE II.—He who first attains the supreme power, under whatever title it may be, undertakes to supply the other with arms and money, and to authorise and facilitate the enlistment of such a number of volunteers as are considered sufficient for the execution of his project.

ARTICLE III.—Pending our exile we engage to help one another on every occasion, with a view to regain possession of our political rights wrested from us, and should one of us succeed in returning to his own country, the other shall uphold the cause of his ally by every possible means.

ARTICLE IV.—We engage never to promise, to enter into, or sign any renunciation or abdication injurious to our political or civil rights, but to consult and help one another like brothers in every circumstance of our lives.

ARTICLE V.—Should we think proper hereafter, and when in full enjoyment of our liberty, to modify the present treaty as may be prompted by our respective positions, or by our common interest, we hereby engage to revise by mutual accord any clauses in this compact which might be found deficient from the circumstances under which they were framed.

Approved, in the presence of
COUNT JOSEPH ORSI and
G. T. SMITH.

I had great difficulties to overcome before I could obtain the permission to see the Prince. Having been a prisoner myself for five years, I was suspected in high quarters. After fifteen days of solicitation, I received the necessary leave to see the Prince with Mr. Smith; but as no one was allowed to see the Prince except in the presence of the Governor, I was obliged to make it appear that Mr. Smith was the purchaser of valuable pictures belonging to the Prince. The interview referred only to this transaction. The bills (three in number) to be accepted by the Prince were given to him while we were shaking hands. They were returned to me, with the treaty written on satin, in the afternoon, on taking leave of the Prince.

On parting from him he handed me a small box, and a letter of which the following is a copy, both addressed to my wife:

'Ham: 1845.

'My dear Madame Orsi,—I entrust your husband with a gift which I hope will be gladly accepted by you, as it will recall to your mind the great service Orsi has rendered to me during my captivity; and I know too well from your devotedness to me how happy you feel at anything that can soothe my position.

'Believe, dear Madame Orsi, in my sincerest friendship.

'LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.'

Mr. Smith and I arrived in London two days after, and the money having been paid to Messrs. Baring Brothers to the account of the Prince, the transaction was completed.

We read in the 'Life and Correspondence of Thomas Slingsby Duncombe,' late member for Finsbury, by his son, vol. ii. p. 10, the following statement:

'Mr. Duncombe set to work in another way. In the first place he secured the co-operation of the wealthy Duke of Brunswick, who wanted a Bonaparte to assist him to maintain important claims, and then having obtained the sanction of the prisoner to the conditions on which his freedom might be obtained, sent his own secretary to Ham with instructions to negotiate the following treaty.'

These assertions are at complete variance not only with the facts I have related and substantiated by documents, but also with what the Duke told me on the day following my first interview, when I called upon to him to lay before his approval the draft of the treaty I had prepared by his order.

As I was ushered into his private room, I found the Duke in excellent humour and highly pleased with what he had resolved doing on behalf of the Prince.

'Well,' said he, in a cheerful and almost facetious way, 'you may report to *notre cher prisonnier*, that he has been very much favoured by destiny as regards the money he requires for his deliverance, for, besides his great luck of your not having applied to me for assistance on any day bearing in its number figure 7, he has had the good chance of securing through you my formal promise of letting him have the money, before I was worked upon to refuse it. Last night I asked my friend Duncombe whether he could spare, for a few days, his secretary G. T. Smith, whom I wanted to send to Ham to transact some business for me.'

'What can your business be with a Bonaparte?' said he.

'For a while I hesitated to say what it was, but I gave in at last, and told him what I meant doing.'

'"You shall not do anything of the kind, my dear Duke. In fact," added he, "you cannot; your *new* line of policy forbids you to do it."

'And he went on clamouring against my decision, until I put a break to his utterances by saying:

"Whatever happens, I must, I will, and shall keep my promise. Let not a word more be said about it."'

I think it is as well that I should correct some of the following statements contained in the 'Life of Napoleon the Third,' by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, p. 386, vol. ii. Book vi.

He says: 'It was also while he was at Ham that the Prince received the visits of Mr. G. T. Smith, Mr. Thomas Slingsby Duncombe's secretary, and that according to Mr. Duncombe's son and biographer, a convention was agreed to between the Prince and the Duke of Brunswick under which the two exiles were to work in common for their restoration to their respective countries. The conditions were not stated in the copy of the treaty which the younger Mr. Duncombe has printed, nor is there any trace of them in the papers in the possession of the Imperial family.'

From an historical point of view, the above statements are contradicted by the facts I have related in connection with my interview with the Duke of Brunswick. Mr. G. T. Smith went to Ham with me for the only purpose of ascertaining, on the part of the Duke of Brunswick, whether the Prince was the real borrower of the 6,000*l.*, and if so, to sign the bills and to execute the convention. It was through my interest in Paris

that Mr. Smith got the permission to see the Prince, as the following letter addressed to me by Baron Baude, Councillor of State, and friend of Count Duchatel, the Home Minister, will prove:

'Dear M. Orsi,—I have applied to Count Duchatel for the permission you require to repair to Ham with Mr. G. T. Smith. He has ordered a report to be laid before him on the subject. It is probable that Mr. Smith will be permitted to go, but as regards yourself there will be some difficulty in the way, owing to the past events you have been concerned in.

'BAUDE,

'Paris, June 20, 1845.' 'Councillor of State.

On the 25th, Mr. Smith and I started for Ham with the written authority my friend obtained from the Minister.

THE ESCAPE.

From the day the Prince received the information that the sum of 6,000*l.* had been paid to his account at Messrs. Baring Brothers, there was a lull in our mutual correspondence, lest it should give a clue, however slight, to what was being planned at Ham.

Although it was a remarkable feature of the times to see French people brought to honour the memory of the Great Napoleon in the person of his nephew, still it was more illustrative of the sympathy the Prince had inspired, to see that even from Central America he was receiving marks of the deepest admiration for his noble qualities and the great fortitude with which he bore his misfortunes. The probable contingency of the Prince recovering his liberty in consequence of the so-much-talked-of amnesty, had led the people beyond the Atlantic to hope that he would, when free, emigrate to their more hospitable shores, to avoid future persecutions on the part of his enemies.

The Prince, while fully aware of the difficulties he would have to overcome to be allowed to go near his dying father, was hesitating as regards his resolve to go so far away to pass the rest of his life. He hinted that if ever he made up his mind to cross the Atlantic, it would be only for the purpose of devoting all his time and energy to the accomplishment of great public works, as, for instance, the construction of a canal connecting the two oceans. Following this idea, the Prince gave instructions to a French engineer to study this gigantic operation with reference to the possibility of utilising the great lakes

which are near the Isthmus for the construction of the canal.

In 1844 M. Castellan was sent by the States of Guatemala, San Salvador, and Honduras, as Minister Plenipotentiary to King Louis Philippe, with a view of claiming for the canal the protection of the French Government in exchange for large commercial advantages in favour of France. This application having met with a refusal, M. Castellan received leave to visit the Prince at Ham, with whom he had a long interview, which ended in M. Castellan offering to put the Prince at the head of the undertaking on the basis agreed upon. M. Castellan was much struck with the perfect knowledge the Prince had of the colossal work; and being impressed with the importance Central America would have on some future day, he requested the Prince to write a book (which the Prince did some time afterwards) showing the possibility of constructing the canal at no great outlay, by making the two lakes, De Leon and De Nicaragua, available for the purpose. On hearing of the projected scheme, and of what was going on between the Prince and the representative of their country, the inhabitants of those States applied to their respective Governments for leave to entrust the Prince with the conduct of this great work.

In consequence of this decision, M. Castellan wrote the Prince the following letter:

'Leon de Nicaragua:
'December 6, 1845.

'Prince L.,—I received with the greatest pleasure your favour of August 12, conveying to me the expression of your friendship and esteem, for which I feel highly honoured. You have embodied in it the development of your ideas respecting the canal of Nicaragua, which seem to me to be most suitably directed towards the attainment of the prosperity of Central America. You inform me at the same time of your more favourable disposition to come to this country, to give by your presence and your co-operation a great impulse to the execution of this large undertaking, which would suffice to satisfy the greatest ambition, and of your readiness to accept the direction of it, without aiming at anything else but the accomplishment of a task worthy the great name you bear.

'Before going farther into the subject, so interesting to my country, allow me to say that nothing can give a more noble and benevolent idea of the disposition of your heart, than the flattering way your Highness has thought fit to allude to my slender merits.

'When I came to France as Minister Plenipotentiary, and before my departure for Europe, I felt exceedingly desirous of paying you a visit at Ham. I longed to see you, not only on account of the popularity of your name in the world, but also because I had been able to judge for myself of the high esteem in which you were held in your native land, from your noble character, and from the great sympathy elicited in your behalf by your misfortunes.

'I admire, Prince, your resignation, and your love for that France wherein you are a prisoner; but I felt a secret joy in seeing how vividly your mind became exalted at the picture of the immense work so eagerly taken up by my country, and likely to promote so largely the progress of civilisation.

'Both your intentions conveyed to me and the memos contained in your letter have excited here very great enthusiasm, joined with the deepest gratitude.

'I am happy to inform your Highness that the Government of this State, fully convinced that the only means to provide for the capital necessary for the undertaking is to put it under the patronage of a name like yours, independent by fortune and social standing, and which, while it inspires the confidence

of both the worlds, divests it of all fear of foreign domination—this Government, I repeat, has resolved to fix the choice upon your Highness as the only person capable of answering the required conditions.

'Brought up in a Republic, your Highness has shown by your noble behaviour in Switzerland in 1828, to what degree a free people may rely on your abnegation, and we feel assured that if the Great Napoleon has rendered himself immortal by his victories, your Highness may acquire in our country a like glory by peaceful works which cause no tears to be shed except those of gratefulness.

'From the day you set your foot on our soil will a new era of prosperity begin for its people.

'What we ask of your Highness is not unworthy of your solicitude, for in 1830 King William of Holland had accepted a similar proposal.

'If we are not in a position to empower you at once to commence operations, it is owing to the recess of the Legislature, to which we are bound to apply for the examination of the treaty executed by me last year with Count de Hompesch, the chairman of the Belgian Colonisation Company. This treaty having been less favourably entertained than we expected, it is more than probable that the Govern-

ment will be authorised to apply to you, and by so doing will act in accordance with the national wishes.

'The Government seems determined to give me the necessary instructions enabling me to come to an understanding with your Highness respecting this object.

'The recent popular commotions of this country have also caused delay, but as the insurgents are in a great minority, and the Government is supported by public opinion, I think that the revolution will soon be at an end, and that the restoration of order will enable us to set at work as promptly as possible. Besides, the Government is convinced that the construction of the canal will call for the employment of those out of work, and will be the means of pacifying and bringing welfare to this country and people, tried by the horrors of civil war for such a long time.

'As much excited by the impatience of seeing a work commence to which I mean to devote all my time and energy, as I am by the wish of seeing your Highness rule the destinies of my country, I long for the moment when I shall be able to see you at Ham, were it only for a few hours, and in the hopeful expectation of being present at your deliverance, for

which I constantly offer to God my most heartfelt prayers. I beg your Highness to accept, &c. &c.,

'CASTELLAN.'

A few months after this communication, the Prince of Montenegro, Minister for Foreign Affairs, forwarded to Prince Louis Napoleon the necessary powers to form a company in Europe, and informed him that the Government, by decree of January 8, 1846, had resolved that the canal connecting the two oceans was to be called the 'Canal Napoleon de Nicaragua.' M. Marcoleta, Chargé d'Affaires of the Republic in Belgium and Holland, went to Ham with instructions to sign a definitive treaty with the Prince. Presently we shall see how it happened that the projected scheme was not carried into effect by the Prince.

A new phase in the captivity of the Prince sprang up suddenly by the news he received from Florence respecting the health of his father, the ex-king of Holland, who resided in Florence under the name of Comte de St. Leu. A complete invalid in a foreign land, the father of the Prince was much distressed at the thought of being alone and separated from his son, upon whom were centred all the feelings of his soul. The Prince, whose affection

and sense of duty towards his father were extreme, felt acutely the pangs of his situation, and regardless of any further consideration, made up his mind to carry out his resolves.

In the month of August 1845 the Comte de St. Leu laid a request before the French Government that his son should be set at liberty. To that effect he sent M. Poggioli, an intimate and devoted friend of his, to Paris with letters for Messrs. Decazes, Molé, and Montalivet, entreating these gentlemen to persuade M. Duchatel (then Minister of the Interior) to comply with his request. M. Poggioli having failed in his mission, immediately informed the Prince of the result of his application. In this emergency the Prince wrote to the Minister of the Interior, and declared that should the French Government grant him the favour of going to Florence to see his dying father, he would pledge his word of honour to come back and to put himself at the disposal of the Government on his being summoned to do so.

The Minister, after reading the letter of the Prince, promised to lay the matter before the Council of Ministers, and requested M. Poggioli to call for the answer on the day appointed.

'Tell the Prince,' said the Minister, 'that I have

laid his request before the Council of Ministers, who consider it is not in their power to comply with it, as no pardon can be granted that does not emanate directly from the Royal prerogative.' Under these circumstances the Prince resolved to write directly to the King, and on January 14 he accomplished by this letter the greatest sacrifice which filial affection could exact from him:

'January 14, 1846.

'Sire,—It is with the deepest emotion that I address your Majesty, to ask the favour of being allowed to quit France, if it were only for a very short time.

'For the last five years, the happiness of breathing the air of my own country has been for me a great compensation for the pangs of captivity, but the age and infirmities of my father imperatively require my filial care. He has made an appeal to those who are well known for their devotion to your Majesty, and I feel it my duty to join my exertions to theirs.

'The Council of Ministers was of opinion that the subject is not within the limits of their decision. I therefore address your Majesty, fully sensible of the kindness of your feelings, and venture to lay my request before your generous consideration.

'Your Majesty will appreciate, I hope, the step I

take, which engages my gratitude; and moved by the loneliness of an exile, who when on the throne deserved the esteem of all Europe, your Majesty will be induced to comply with the prayer of my father and myself.

'I beg your Majesty will accept the expression of my deep respect.

'LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.'

The King appeared to be pleased with this letter, and stated that he considered the guarantee offered by the Prince to be sufficient; but the Ministers maintained their refusal, by resolving that in order to leave to the King the full and spontaneous exercise of pardoning, pardon should be deserved and *frankly asked for.*

A few weeks after this communication the Prince wrote me the following letter:

'Ham: March 2, 1846.

'Dear Orsi,—Both your letters and papers duly to hand. I thank you very much for your zeal in executing my commissions.

'Now I must tell you what is going on, that you may report it to our friend.[1]

[1] The Duke of Brunswick.

'We must acknowledge first and foremost that by nobody are you better served than by your own enemies. The fact is that, politically speaking, nothing could be more advantageous to me than what has taken place. No sooner was the refusal of M. Duchatel known to me, than I wrote to the most influential deputies. The consequence was, that the Chamber appeared sympathetically moved, and thirty-two members of the House, among whom were Dupont de l'Eure, Arago, Marie, Abatucci, Odillon-Barrot, Lamartine, and Dupin, met in a bureau to read my letter, and resolved that Odillon-Barrot should be deputed to go to the King, who, while giving *de l'eau bénite de cour*, disowned formally his own Minister. Now I hope the matter will be taken up by the deputies, with whom, at any rate, I have been corresponding.

'M. Thiers has also written to me a most amiable letter, in a political point of view, and I have every reason to be pleased, although my heart bleeds at not being able to go and see my father.

'Tell Lord M. on my part that Lord Londonderry has promised to speak of me before the House of Lords, and that I should feel happy if he would second the motion.

'I also should be very glad if you could find an

opportunity of reverting to the shares,[1] and ask for the amount in cash on another document.

'Good-bye, my dear Orsi. Many affectionate things to Madame Orsi, and rely always on my sincerest friendship.

'L. N. B.

'P.S.—Could you let me know in a most authentic manner what is the insurance of a merchantman going to Lima by the Cape Horn, and the insurance of a similar ship bound to Vera Cruz in the Gulf of Mexico? What I ask is not very urgent, but I should like to have the most correct information about it, in order to ascertain the difference with reference to the ships crossing the Isthmus of Panama, supposing a canal between the two oceans were constructed.'

There was no other channel left to the Prince but to apply to the Chamber of Deputies through the most influential members of the deputation. Messrs. Dupont, Arago, Lamartine, Odillon-Barrot, and several others joined with the greatest zeal on behalf of the Prince. M. Thiers himself offered his influence to further the views of the Prince; but all this proved of no avail. No hope for the Prince to

[1] The Prince alludes to the shares of the *National*.

recover his liberty, not one chance left save—Escape! This bold attempt was full of danger; there were many things to be dreaded in the event of its failing. Besides an increase in the severity of more stringent measures of precaution prescribed by the Government, there was the idea of being ridiculed which would assuredly have followed the failure of this most hazardous undertaking.

The man who had boldly faced the danger of being shot at Strasburg and Boulogne was actually trembling at the thought of the endless insults and mockeries that would have awaited him if recaptured and brought back to prison. But his mind being made up to it, the following plan was concocted, as the most practical and safe in its execution.

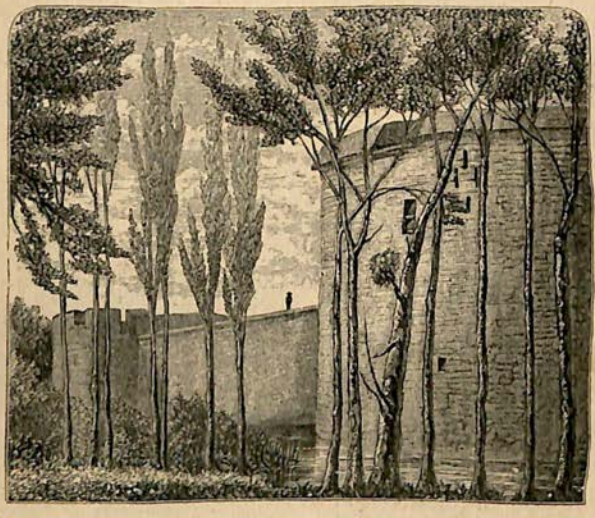
The Governor of the fortress of Ham was an honest and distinguished officer, whose sense of duty was very keen, and of soldier-like strictness. His kindness to the Prince was manifested on various occasions. Every evening he used to play whist with the Prince, General Montholon, and Doctor Conneau, who were the Prince's companions in his captivity; but it would have been useless for the Prince to attempt drawing the Governor into any dereliction of his duty.

The Governor was watchful, and never entrusted

to others the care of ascertaining twice a day that the Prince was his prisoner. The first part of the Prince's plan was to impress the Governor with a false security regarding the idea of his escape; and to attain this object he caused a great many letters to be addressed to himself (which the Governor was ordered to read) conveying the contingency of an amnesty for all political prisoners to take place next June. These letters coming from Paris, where both public opinion and the press were unanimous in calling for it, produced the desired effect. The event of an amnesty was plausible, as new elections were to take place shortly after June, and the Government seemed anxious to secure them in their favour by every possible device. The next part of the programme consisted in adopting a plan, simple in its conception and as easy as possible to carry out in its details; but to understand how this could be effected, a description of the locality, and of other particulars relating to the regulations of the fortress, are necessary.

The citadel of Ham forms a square, and on each of the four angles is erected a round tower. The towers are connected together by narrow ramparts. There is only one gate, on the north-east side, which is protected by a strongly built square tower, made

to correspond with a similar one on the north-west side. The ramparts on the south and east sides are surrounded by the canal of St. Quentin. The river Somme is not very far from it. On both sides of the inner yard there are two barracks built of brick. At



LOUIS NAPOLEON WALKING ON THE RAMPARTS OF THE CITADEL OF HAM.

the farther end of one of them stands the prison: a sad-looking, damp, low building, having close at its back the outward ramparts which intercept both light and air. Such was the place where Prince Louis Napoleon was condemned to spend the rest of his life.

One of these ramparts became his whole world. There, in a little corner, he found sufficient ground for cultivating a few flowers of which he was very fond. There he could take his daily walks, thinking of his friends, and waiting for the delivery of his letters, which, although read by the Governor before being handed to him, afforded him indescribable gratification.

The garrison of Ham was 400 men strong. Sixty of them were always on duty at the citadel. There was besides a host of gaolers and warders, to whom the surveillance of the Prince was more particularly entrusted. The room occupied by the Prince during the first few days of his confinement was in a most deplorable state of repair. The ceilings were perforated, the paper falling in shreds, the flooring broken to pieces, the doors and windows so shaky as to let the draughts of air through them; but I must not omit to state, that owing to the many complaints and representations made to the Minister, the Governor was at last ordered to lay out 600 francs in repairs and to purchase the few things considered indispensable for the health of the Prince. The sum allowed for the daily expenses of the Prince was seven francs: a mean provision certainly for the nephew of the great Emperor, which shows by what feelings the Government was actuated towards him.

The Prince at this time, when arranging for his escape, had been five years a prisoner in the fortress of Ham. Thus, after the most mature consideration he made up his mind to adopt the simplest plan, which consisted in finding a pretext for introducing workmen into the prison, so that by finding an opportunity of dressing himself in the garb of one of them, he might in such disguise go out of the gate of the citadel. Just as the Prince had decided to ask for some urgently required repairs in his room, the Governor brought him the good news that he had received orders from Paris to have the staircase and corridors painted and repaired at once.

The Governor had never allowed the strictest precautions of surveillance to relax. The guard on night duty was always doubled, and on the clock striking ten the game of whist was invariably interrupted. The warders were constantly sitting at the bottom of the staircase: a precaution which the Governor himself never failed to ascertain before shutting the outer door and putting the key in his pocket. The Prince was now watching every step, every movement of the two warders. He remarked that on certain days of the week one of them was in the habit of going out to fetch the newspapers, thereby leaving his comrade alone for a quarter of

INTERIOR OF LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ROOM AT HAM.

an hour. It was most important for the success of the operation that this short space should be made available by drawing the attention of the warder to something else.

The Prince had little or nothing to fear on the part of the sentinels, no escape being considered possible except by outside co-operation. The authorities had given strict orders to prevent people from approaching the fortress; all persons allowed to enter the citadel were carefully searched, but everyone was let out without suspicion.

The following arrangements were made in consequence. Charles Thélin, the devoted valet-de-chambre of the Prince, would ask for leave to go to St. Quentin for a cab. It was quite natural and usual that he should go out. The Prince, in a workman's garb, would go out of the same gate and at the same time. This plan had the double advantage of giving Thélin the chance of drawing to himself personally the attention of the soldiers and warders by playing with 'Ham,' the Prince's favourite dog, so well known by the whole garrison, and moreover it gave Thélin the opportunity of preventing anyone from going near the disguised workman as he crossed the large square to reach the gate. The repairs in the building had already been continued eight days,

during which time the Prince had been able to ascertain the nature of the surveillance to which the workmen were submitted. He had remarked that on their arriving in the prison they were searched one after the other, first by a sergeant on duty, and then by the warders. In the evening, on their leaving the place, they were searched again in the presence of the Governor himself. The Prince also remarked that a keen look-out was also kept on every workman loitering about in some isolated part of the citadel, but that no attention was paid to those who, in a natural and easy way, were going in the direction of the gate to fetch tools or materials.

This proposed mode of effecting his escape was simple, but very bold. The Prince made up his mind to carry it out at once. It was decided the attempt should be made in the morning, not only because the Governor was never up early, but besides the advantage of having to deal with one guard only, it had also the advantage of affording the Prince the chance of catching the four o'clock train at the Belgian railway.

Everything was ready for the 23rd of May. Unfortunately, in one sense, the Prince was visited on that very day by some friends whom he had known in England, and whom he had expected long before, but he had the clever idea of asking one of the visi-

tors to lend his passport to Thélin, which was readily complied with.

We shall presently see how useful this passport was for the success of the undertaking. Early on the morning of May 25, when everything was calm and silent within the citadel, the Prince, Dr. Conneau, and Thélin were watching from behind the curtains of the window the arrival of the workmen. It was most unfortunate that the only private of the garrison whom they disliked should be on duty that morning at the very door of the Prince's prison. This man was exceedingly watchful, and never failed questioning the workmen on what they heard or saw in the prison. Luckily, however, on that day a review of the troops took place, and the grenadier was obliged to join his battalion and to be replaced. The workmen arrived at last; they were all masons and painters, which was another source of disappointment, as the Prince had made his arrangements to simulate a joiner; but there was no time to be lost.

The Prince at once shaved his moustache, which produced a very marked change in his appearance.

He took a dagger with him and two letters, with which he never parted: one of his mother and the other of the Emperor. Both these letters the Prince always kept as a talisman.

The Prince having dressed as usual, put over his waistcoat a thick linen shirt, then a blouse, not only clean but well shaped. Then a blue pair of trousers, worn out seemingly by working. Over the first blouse he put on another, but a very bad one, an old apron of blue material, and a black long-haired wig with a greasy cap, which completed the disguise. Both his hands and face were soiled with paint.

The Prince drank a cup of coffee, put on a pair of wooden shoes, took in his mouth a clay pipe, and with a shelf on his shoulders, kept himself ready to go out. At seven o'clock in the morning Thélin called on all the workmen who were repairing the stairs to come and take the *coup du matin* (a glass of wine).

After desiring a servant to place wine and glasses on the table of the dining-room, Thélin rushed upstairs to tell the Prince the moment had arrived to start. Thélin came downstairs again to meet the two warders, one of whom he drew a little farther in the corridor under pretence of having something important to say, and kept him with his back turned to the Prince, who was coming downstairs. The other warder, Dupuis, was still on the watch; but owing to the book-shelf carried by the Prince on his shoulder being thrust between him and Dupuis, the latter was obliged to make a rapid movement to

avoid it, thereby preventing the face of the Prince from being noticed by him.

The Prince stepped through the door into the yard without being noticed; a workman was following him as if he wanted to speak to him; Thélin called him, and ordered him at once to go to the dining-room to do a job there. On the Prince passing before the first sentinel he let his pipe fall from his mouth; the Prince quietly removed the shelf from his shoulder, picked up the pipe, struck a light and lit his pipe again, whilst the soldier looked at him and then continued his beat. Close to the door of the *cantine* he came near the officer, who was reading a letter; a little farther on a few privates were sitting on a wooden bench in the sun. The lodge-keeper was on the threshold of his lodge, but only looked at Thélin, who was following the Prince with the dog held by a string. The sergeant whose duty it was to open and shut the gate turned quickly his looks to the supposed workman, but a movement the Prince made with the large shelf compelled him to make a step backwards. He opened the gate! *The Prince was free!* Thélin was following him very close.

Between the two drawbridges the Prince met two workmen coming right upon him on the side of his

face unprotected by the shelf. They looked at him very attentively, as if they were surprised at not knowing him. The Prince acting as a man who is tired of carrying a weight on the right shoulder, whirled it round on the left one, and just as he was in terror of being questioned, he heard one of them say, 'Oh, it is Berthon!'

The attempt turned out to be a complete success.

The Prince hastened to join Thélin on the main road leading to St. Quentin, where he was waiting with the cab he had hired the day before. As the Prince was about flinging away the plank off his shoulder, he heard a cab coming from St. Quentin, which he let go by to avoid being remarked. He then jumped into the vehicle (an open one), shook the dust off his clothes, threw his wooden shoes into a ditch, and darted away, himself taking the reins to look like a driver.

A few minutes had scarcely passed when they saw two gendarmes coming out of the village called St. Sulpice, but they turned in the direction of Peronne before they came near the carriage. The five leagues which separated St. Quentin from Ham were rapidly accomplished. Every time they changed horses Thélin hid his face as much as he possibly.

could in his handkerchief, pretending to cough or blow his nose; but notwithstanding his precaution, several persons knew him, and an old woman expressed her surprise at seeing him keeping company with a man so shabbily dressed.

Before entering St. Quentin the Prince threw off his rough clothes, but kept on his wig, and on leaving the carriage followed the road which runs along the walls of the town leading to Cambrai, and waiting for Thélin, who had gone to M. Abric's, the postmaster, to hire a chaise with two horses, in order, said he, to reach Cambrai in good time. He would leave there both cab and horse, which he would fetch on his way back. M. Abric being absent, Madame Abric did what was required with the greatest promptitude, and as she knew Thélin well, she made him accept a good slice of *paté*, which he promised to eat very soon. This turned out to be most acceptable to the Prince, who made a good breakfast of it a little later. The Prince had been some time on the main road waiting for the arrival of Thélin, who had been detained longer than was anticipated. In the Prince's anxiety at having missed him, he asked a passer-by whether he had met a post-chaise on his way. 'No,' said he, and on he went. It was the Procureur du Roi of St. Quentin.

At last the post-chaise came in sight, the joyful barking of the dog 'Ham,' who was with Thélin, made the Prince aware of its near approach. It was then nine o'clock.

Supposing the Prince's escape could be known in the citadel at that moment, it was impossible for the authorities to take the necessary steps, in the disorder attending such an event, without affording the fugitives sufficient time to be out of their reach. The post-chaise entered Valenciennes at 2.45 P.M. 'Your passport,' asked the guard. Thélin exhibited the one which the Englishman had given to the Prince at Ham. 'All right!'

As there was no train for Brussels before four o'clock, the Prince felt tempted to hire another post-chaise to reach the frontier, but gave up the idea, as he remembered it would look suspicious to travel in such an unusual way.

Both the Prince and Thélin therefore waited as patiently as they could at the station, the eyes of Thélin being constantly turned to the only side whence the gendarmes could come. 'Ah! here is Thélin,' said an old man in plain clothes. Thélin turned round, and to his great terror recognised a gendarme who had given up the service to fill a situation in the Chemin de Fer du Nord. The man

asked how the Prince was, little dreaming he was so near him.

At last the train came in, and they took their seats.

The Prince soon reached Brussels, Ostend, and England, and arrived in London on the Derby Day of 1846 (May 27). The Prince immediately came to my house. I hardly knew him when he entered the room, so great was the change in his appearance by the shaving off his moustaches. Our first meeting was one of mutual joy, gratification, and thankfulness at the happy result of his bold attempt, to which the Prince warmly and gratefully insisted that I had mainly contributed.

It was from his own lips that I received the details of his most wonderful escape.

No sooner was the Prince safe on the British soil than he wrote letters to Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and the French Ambassador.

To the latter (le Comte de St. Aulaire) the Prince wrote the following letter:

'London: May 28, 1846.

'Sir,—I come frankly to declare to the man who was the friend of my mother, that in escaping from my prison I never intended to repeat against the French Government the attempts that have proved

so disastrous to myself. My only object was to see my aged father again.

'Before making up my mind to have recourse to the last extremity—flight, I exhausted every means of entreaty to be allowed to go to Florence, giving at the same time every possible guarantee compatible with my honour. All my solicitations having met with refusal, I have done what the Duc de Guise and the Duc de Nemours did under Henry IV., in similar circumstances.

'I beg you will make known to the French Government my peaceful intentions, and I hope that this declaration, utterly spontaneous, will have the effect of shortening the time of captivity of those of my friends who are still in prison.

'L. N. BONAPARTE.'

The narrative of the escape would remain incomplete if I did not relate what passed at Ham after the departure of the Prince.

Dr. Conneau, whose devotedness to the Prince filled his whole life, had undertaken the difficult task of making it appear, as long as possible, that it had not taken place.

The very first thing he did was to shut the door of the bedroom next to the sitting-room, where he

had a great fire made, despite the heat of the day, alleging the indisposition of the Prince. At eight o'clock A.M., breakfast being ready, the doctor ordered it to be laid in his own bedroom, the more so as General Montholon was also ill in bed. He added that the Prince had been taking medicine, and to convince everybody that what he stated was true, he manufactured a mixture of coffee and roasted bread, with the addition of a quantity of nitric acid, which being boiled for a few minutes, filled the rooms with such a sick-room odour as to give the warders the conviction that there was no mistake about it!

The Governor soon came to inquire for the Prince.

The doctor said that he was rather better, and was taking a little rest on the sofa in the sitting-room.

All went right until seven o'clock in the evening, when the Governor came again, and on the doctor telling him the Prince was better, the Governor said, 'As the Prince is better, I must see him; I must speak to him.' The simulated form of a man had been adroitly arranged in the bed, having what seemed to be his head turned towards the wall. The doctor called the Prince. No answer. Turning to the Governor, he said, 'The Prince is fast asleep.' The Governor did not appear quite satisfied with this pro-

longed pantomime. 'I will take a seat in the next room,' said he, 'till his sleep is over. By the bye, how is it that Thélin is not back yet? The diligence has arrived and Thélin not here. Strange, very strange! Let us see.'

The doctor rushed into the room, and coming out again, said, 'No, no, he is still sleeping;' but the Governor could stand this anxious suspense no longer. He entered the room, and pulling the bedclothes right off, discovered the trick.

'Good God!' said he, 'the Prince is gone!'

The reader will easily imagine his state of bewildered distraction.

In the course of the next day the order came to arrest the Governor, the doctor, and all the warders. Doctor Conneau was handcuffed and sent to Peronne to be tried, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Charles Thélin was sentenced *by default* to six months of the same penalty.

The first thing the Prince did was to fulfil the sacred duty which had induced him to undertake such a daring adventure. The illness of his father making rapid progress, the Prince had no time to lose if he wished to bid his father a last farewell. He applied for a passport to the Austrian Ambassador in London, who was at the same time the accredited

representative of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The passport was refused on the plea that it was a matter concerning the French Government. The Grand Duke of Tuscany was solicited by various members of the family to grant the request, but he answered that he could not tolerate the presence of the Prince twenty-four hours in the Duchy, owing to the French influence opposing it. The Belgian Government was still harsher, as it inscribed the name of the Prince among those who were condemned to extradition by the clauses of the treaties.

LUI !!!

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S FIRST VISIT TO PARIS (1848).

THE two years spent by the Prince in London, from 1846 to 1848, were devoted almost exclusively by him to finishing the work on the Canal of Nicaragua which had been his favourite occupation during his captivity at Ham. As he wished it to be published in England, he directed me to translate it into English, which I did.

The pamphlet was distributed only among a limited number of his friends, most of whom were members of Parliament; but the Prince was not long before he turned his mind again to French politics, which in the latter part of 1847 showed unmistakable signs of restlessness and dissatisfaction. The obstinate refusal of King Louis Philippe and his Ministry to give in to the legitimate wishes of the country, longing and asking for a

reform in the electoral law, had brought matters to such an unsatisfactory state as to create in the minds of the majority of the people grave apprehensions respecting the safety of the dynasty. The ranks of the Opposition grew more numerous every day, as they felt that the country was at their back, and their influence increased in an inverse ratio to the moderation of the people, whose aspirations, had they been complied with in a timely legal form, would have averted the catastrophe which was sure to take place sooner or later in the shape of a regular revolution. It would be somewhat unfair to assert that the French people could have obtained by constitutional means what they required, instead of resorting to violent measures for the attainment of their object, when we consider that the number of electors in a country like France, numbering 35,000,000 of inhabitants, was only about 250,000, landowners for the greater part, paying a certain amount of land and real property taxes, to the exclusion of any other class, however great their popularity, their services, their professional merits, or their natural genius were. The consequence of this injudicious way of ascertaining the will of the country was the composition of a Chamber of Deputies entirely devoted to the King's personal views, and

exclusively addicted to framing laws strengthening the hands of the executive against manifestations of public opinion, or establishing privileges in their own behalf to accumulate wealth.

Every outlet to enable the people to make their voices heard was done away with; meetings were suppressed, the press gagged.

The Opposition, with Odillon-Barrot at its head, undaunted by the coercive measures of the Government, resorted to banquets, where they thought they could as private individuals invite whomsoever they chose, to discourse on any subject they deemed best. This, too, was considered a sort of delinquency by the Government, and severely prohibited. The patience of the people was thus put to a severe test, and it burst at last with compressed fury. On February 24, 1848, began that terrible fight in Paris which after raging for three days ended in the flight of Louis Philippe to England, the complete upset of his Government, and the establishment of the second Republic. This revolution shook Europe to its very foundations. Milan, single-handed and badly armed, rose against the Austrian rule supported by a garrison of 15,000 men, and after a desperate fight of three consecutive days, drove them out of the town. The liberal aspirations of Pio Nono had taken the

whole world by surprise, and given the Italians the hopeful prospect of his being a champion of that independence and liberty of Italy against which his predecessors had constantly set their minds, in subservience to the dictates of the Austrian potentate.

Unmoved by the turmoil which seemed to convulse Europe from top to bottom, patient, impassible, all-daring, and instinctively keen to seize the right moment to do what he thought the right thing, Prince Louis Napoleon was looking on, watching the course of events, complacently smiling at every hint that he was in popular favour, and mentally spanning the distance which separated his place of exile from that of supreme power.

The fact of the Republicans having succeeded in proclaiming the Republic without meeting with any resistance, was easily accounted for, from their party being the only one which at that time could rely on a proper organisation, and on a nucleus of men, capable, respectable, and to some extent popular. But with all that, the country at large had not been consulted. To the great majority of the people the Republican form of government was odious, not because of the principles on which it rests, but from the recollection of all the horrors entailed on the nation by the Revolution of 1789. It is still a

matter of great doubt whether the people of Paris fought in February with the idea of establishing a Republic or an Empire. Subsequent events proved that it was not the Republican form they would have preferred; still they would have submitted to it, in the expectation of having at the helm of the state a man like the Prince, bearing a glorious name, professing liberal ideas, and capable of keeping in check the other parties, and giving the country peace and prosperity. No sooner was the Republic proclaimed in Paris, than the Prince, then residing in King Street, St. James', was actually overwhelmed with letters from all parts of France. No man I think had such a voluminous correspondence to attend to since February 24.

Communications of all kinds reached him every morning, which were sorted with the greatest care. They were all in the same strain. The Prince was pressed to act. No end of suggestions were laid before his consideration, but only a few bore a pure political character. The most numerous contributors to this correspondence were farmers, tradesmen, professional men, clergymen, workmen, and all such as live by constant mental or bodily toil. They implored him to step forward, to issue a proclamation, and to rely on their support whenever required.

His own friends were more cautious in writing from Paris, where a vigilant eye kept them in awe. Their advice was to wait, and to watch events. The Prince remained calm in the midst of this tantalising state of things.

The agitation in the west end of London was considerable owing to what had just occurred in Paris, and French affairs soon became the principal subject of conversation in the clubs, where men were already speculating on the possible consequences of a Revolution which had swept away a dynasty and thrust upon the country a form of government they cordially disliked. To an attentive observer the Prince was evidently looked up to everywhere as a man whom destiny had marked out for some exalted, although as yet unknown position in the world.

On the night of February 26, I had scarcely retired to rest after a day's hard work done for the Prince, when a hurried rap at the street door startled me. My first impression was that my house or that of my neighbour was on fire, and that a policeman had knocked to give the alarm.

I rushed to the door, and found myself face to face with Charles Thélin, the Prince's faithful servant, by whom I was requested to repair at once to the

Prince's house. Whilst I was dressing I enquired whether the Prince was ill. 'No,' said Thélin, 'the Prince is quite well, but has received from Paris very important news, which he wants to see you about. He looks in high spirits, but his excitement is too great for him to stand it very long. I dread the consequences. Do make haste, sir, for God's sake! Don't you think I had better go back alone—you will soon follow me, won't you?'

'I will,' said I. 'Tell the Prince that I shall be with him in five minutes.'

The clock was just striking midnight when I reached the Prince's door.

Before I could utter a word, the Prince, who was pacing the room in a feverish state of mind, rushed to me and said:

'My dear Orsi! It is marvellous to see how well things look in France. I must start for Paris without losing a moment. I have asked two or three friends to accompany me, but they screen their hesitation behind so many "*ifs*" and "*buts*" that I am bound to consider it as a disguised refusal. I thought of you—will you go with me?'

'Yes,' said I, 'most emphatically yes! But you will allow me to feel somewhat offended at your applying (under the circumstances) to anybody else

instead of calling upon me at once to follow you, which you well know I am ready to do at any time and anywhere.'

'I thank you with all my heart,' said the Prince. 'I never doubted your willingness to stand by me whenever I wanted you.'

'When shall we start?'

'To-morrow night.'

'How shall we manage at Calais?'

'I have provided myself with an English passport. You must be here early to-morrow morning, say half-past six, or we shall miss the train; take no luggage, as the line I am told is broken up between Amiens and Paris—a small bag will do. Now go home and have some rest, for we shall have none, or very little, on the other side of the Channel.'

It was past one o'clock when I reached home. My wife was waiting for me, to learn the object of my interview with the Prince. On my telling her that the Prince wished me to accompany him to Paris, she could not help expressing with tears her anxiety for our safety. My five years' confinement in the fortress of Doullens for having taken an active part in the Boulogne expedition was still vivid in her recollection, and it was quite natural that she should apprehend some fresh calamity befalling us, but her

devotion to the Prince and his cause was too deeply rooted in her heart not to make her soon recover from that momentary despondency which the dread of a similar contingency, if not a worse one, had caused her.

As it was already very late, I thought it better to sit in my arm-chair by the fire, in order to be ready to start at six o'clock. A cup of strong coffee and a couple of good cigars kept me all right during the rest of the night. I wrote a few letters, and after bidding adieu to my wife, whose spirits I tried to keep up as well as I could, I wended my way to the Prince's house.

We left King Street in pretty good time for the train to Dover. No incidents worth noticing occurred during the journey there, and as I had done the needful to secure for ourselves a peaceful retreat in one of the carriages, no intruder had the opportunity of interfering with us.

On board the steamer some caution on the part of the Prince became necessary, for although there were at that time very few who felt disposed to visit Paris, still there was a sufficient number of foreigners and Englishmen who might have known the Prince, and it was to be feared that through some indelicate busybody the name of the Prince would be dropped

in the ear of some of the officials at Calais. I therefore advised the Prince to keep quiet in the cabin below, and to lie down in one of the remotest berths, to avoid being noticed by inquisitive individuals. I remained on deck the whole time, the weather being splendid, a fortunate circumstance for us, as it kept everyone upstairs to breathe the fresh mild air, leaving the Prince in exclusive possession of the cabin.

We were about thirty on board. The almost general topics of the conversation referred to the French Revolution, to the consequences of the establishment of a Republic in the very heart of the Continent, and on the chances of its vitality. I was moving from one group to another, to ascertain whether anyone had the faintest idea of the Prince being on board. Not one had, but different were the ideas of the passengers on the events of the day.

'Now is the time for Prince Louis Napoleon to come forward and show what stuff he is made of. Believe me, a Republic in France will never do!'

'You are mistaken,' interrupted a Frenchman, 'the Republic is the form of government we prefer, and we will fight for it against all pretenders.'

'I am of opinion,' said another, 'that the best thing for Prince Louis Napoleon to do is to bide his

time, and not to jeopardise by a rash act the splendid chance he has of becoming chief of the State.'

'The workmen are all in his favour,' said a young Frenchman, an engraver by profession, 'and if the name of the Prince was ever polled, he would carry the day with an immense majority.'

'Nonsense!' cried out a rough-looking man wearing spectacles. 'He has failed twice, at Strasburg and Boulogne; he is no good. We don't want masters; we have had enough of them. Vive la République' he shouted, 'and let us fight and die for it!'

'But what will you do if the nation proclaims him an Emperor by an overwhelming majority?'

'I'll fight him still!'

'And if he is elected President of this very Republic of yours—what then?'

'I'll fight both of them, as *this* is not *my* ideal of a Republic!'

Such were the comments made right and left by most of the passengers, who on the whole appeared to know but little about the state of public opinion in France to form a right judgment on what was likely to take place.

'Alongside, sir!' said the steward to the Prince, who was fast asleep. The Prince hurried up on deck,

after putting a thick comforter round his neck to hide his moustaches, and stood behind me as we were stepping on the quay, where the official asked whether he was an Englishman; the Prince said he was, and gave his name. As we had no luggage, we had nothing to do with the Custom House, but there was a formality to go through which has been done away with ever since, the inspection of the passport. This was a real nuisance. I felt rather nervous about it for a few seconds, but everything went smooth enough. Without losing one moment we entered the station and took possession of a first-class carriage, to wait therein till the hour of departure. Thélin went to fetch some sandwiches, cold fowl, and two bottles of wine, to save the annoyance of going to the refreshment room, which was crammed at that moment.

We had a quiet dinner, and did honour to it in a goodly spirit indeed. We left Calais at half-past eleven and reached Amiens at 2.30. The train was not to leave for Paris before four P.M., we therefore gently strolled to the cathedral and back again in good time for our departure.

We were already seated in the carriage, waiting for the signal from the official's whistle to start, when a number of men, apparently dressed somewhat

eccentrically, and led by one of them whom they appeared to obey as if of a superior class or mind, were coming straight into the station, some of them shouting 'Vive la République!' some others 'Vive l'Empereur!' and one and all running as fast as they could to arrive in time for the train. Most of them wore wooden shoes, and the rest of their clothes were of the same pattern and shape. The noise made by these men running with wooden shoes on the pavement attracted the attention of the station-master, who thinking that they were coming to do mischief to the property of the company, ordered the doors to be closed. The bustle and confusion that followed this order, increased by the vociferous imprecations of these men, hammering the main door as hard as they could to get in, baffle description.

Their threat of setting fire to the buildings if they were not let in, induced the station-master to comply with their demand, in the hope of bringing them to their senses by dint of arguments. It was a very critical moment for the Prince to be in the middle of such a row. I resolutely got out of the carriage to see what was going on, and arrived just in time to stem the rush of these infuriated men, who at the sight of me slackened their onward

movement as if by magic! I knew them all, and they knew me. They were all political prisoners, whose mate I had been for five years in the citadel of Doullens. These men had been set at liberty by an order of the Minister of the Interior, and had walked to Amiens in their prison garb in order to proceed by train to Paris.

Providential indeed was my resolve to meet them, as the first man I saw leading the others was Lieutenant Aladenize, of the 42nd, who had been sentenced by the Court of Peers to death (which was commuted to imprisonment for life), for the part he took in the expedition of Boulogne in 1840. On perceiving me, he threw himself into my arms, and the rest having gathered in a circle, began to greet me as heartily as if I had been one of their family. The danger was averted as regarded the station, but the difficulty remained the same in reference to the Prince, who, had he been discovered in the carriage, would have been forced by them to put himself at their head to foster some local insurrection. In this predicament I took Aladenize out of the crowd, and confided to him the whole truth. Hearing that the Prince was in the carriage, he wanted to see him. I resisted this, and made an appeal to his mind, to his heart, to his own interests, and entreated him to

prevail upon his men to let the train go, promising to have another ready to take them to Paris. The station-master, grateful to me for my having averted a great calamity, promised these men to put a special train at their disposal as soon as the one ready to start had left the platform. He kept his promise.

At the same time I assured the men that the train about to start was not going further than Creil.

This being done I jumped into the carriage. The station-master smiled graciously at me, and quickly putting the instrument to his lips, gave a most deafening whistle.

The train left the station at 4.20 P.M. Owing to the unsafe condition of the line, which had been cut up between Amiens and Paris, and also from the service of the company being badly attended to in consequence of the loose authority that was left by the head office to bear upon its management, in the midst of the confusion into which the Revolution had thrown both business and social connections of every description, the train was ordered to go at a speed not exceeding ten or twelve miles an hour. Nothing worth notice occurred between Amiens and Breteuil station, when a passenger of gentlemanly appearance,

and whose luggage pointed to his being of a superior class, entered our carriage and took a seat in one of the corners without uttering a word.

This unexpected intrusion made the Prince sulky; in his looks, in the few words he said, he showed his disappointment. The Prince had gathered himself up in the happy expectation of being left alone in his carriage, and here was a man, completely unknown to him, seating himself comfortably in the same carriage and listening to our conversation. There was at the same time a contrast between the stern contracted features of the Prince, and the placid, nay smiling face of this gentleman, who seemed to say to himself all the while, 'I do not see why you should be afraid of me; I'll make your mind easy ere long.' It was evident to me that he was watching for an opportunity to make himself agreeable to the Prince, and to dispel his anxiety as regarded himself. The train happening to pass by a château brilliantly illuminated, the Prince said to me, 'Do you know who is the owner of that splendid abode?' The gentleman immediately answered:

'That château, monseigneur, belongs to the Marquis: . . .'

The word 'monseigneur' startled the Prince, who

saw that his *incognito* was unveiled. He turned quietly to him and said:

'I have not the pleasure of knowing you. May I ask to be favoured with your name?'

'My name is B—. You are Prince Louis Napoleon, whom I have seen several times in London. On one occasion I was to have been introduced to you, but my friend left London before he could do so. I am a large manufacturer in this neighbourhood, and keep 1,500 men constantly at work.'

'I recollect,' said the Prince, 'having seen your name mentioned in the debates that took place in the Chamber of Deputies some time ago concerning tariffs on goods to be exported to England. If I am not mistaken, you wrote a very clever work upon the "Industry and Commerce of France," which is considered exhaustive of the subject. May I ask whether you are going to Paris?'

'I am. And your Highness will find it very strange when I tell you by what event I am now on my way to Paris.'

'I suppose it is something connected with the recent Revolution.'

'So it is. When it broke out in Paris I thought it my duty to offer what assistance I could to any of the family of the King who had not been able to

leave the capital. The Duke of Nemours having expressed his wish to go to England, I offered to accompany him, which I did. As soon as I saw him safe there, I started for Paris. Now it seems to me a most curious coincidence that after travelling with the Duke of Nemours from Paris to London, I should return to Paris with Prince Louis Napoleon by my side!'

The Prince smiled at this remark.

'Is not your Highness afraid of being recognised, and of finding yourself in trouble?'

'I merely go to Paris for the purpose of judging for myself of the state of things—not as they are represented to me, but as they really are. I shall only stay a few days. I do not mean to do anything that will attract attention. My great friend M. Vieillard . . . .'

'Do you know Vieillard? He is my most intimate friend. We were both members of the Chamber of Deputies, and sat on the same side of the House, and although our political opinions were not of the same shade, we never parted with an angry word. I knew how devoted he was to the Imperial family, and he was aware of my affection for the Orleans family.'

The conversation between the Prince and M. B.

continued to be as friendly as possible. It was very late when we arrived at Creil, where we were informed that the rails had been taken up and the communication with Paris by the line interrupted. We had no other alternative but to pass the night in the railway carriage. Early next morning we hired a conveyance, the best we could get under the circumstances, well horsed, and reached Paris at eleven o'clock A.M. We got out of the carriage at the Barrière St. Denis and dismissed it, having no luggage except a small hand-bag.

As we entered Paris we found a huge barricade extending the whole length of the Barrière. It was about ten feet high, and made of granite paving blocks.

At the foot of both sides of the barricade stood three armed National Guards, whose duty it was to prevent anyone from coming in or going out of Paris before he had picked up a paving block from the barricade and put it down close to the others in the unpaved road. This we learned was ordered to enable the paviours to do their work quicker. The Prince complied with the injunction, and I and Thélin did the same. Surmising, however, that this kind of work would be thus forced upon us at the corner of every street, we left the Faubourg and got

into a back street to consider, out of sight of the crowd, what could be done to avoid such an occurrence. A hackney carriage with two horses happening to pass by, I hailed it, and asked the driver whether he would take us to the Boulevard des Italiens.

'Certainly, mon Bourgeois! Only, you know, in time of Revolution—fares are—what we choose them to be!'

'All right, old fellow,' said I; 'never mind the fare. The only thing I want to know is whether you can drive us safely to the Boulevard without alighting from our carriage to place paving blocks on the road, as we have been compelled to do at the Barrière St. Denis?'

'Oh! leave that to me,' said the driver; 'I am too old to be done by a lot of good-for-nothing fellows.'

The old driver kept his word; at 12.45 we were at the Hôtel des Princes. The main entrance of the hotel is in Rue Richelieu, but most of the best apartments look on the Boulevards. The Prince took one of them.

No sooner had the Prince arrived than he wrote to the Provisional Government the following letter:

'*To the Members of the Provisional Government.*

'Paris: February 28, 1848.

'Gentlemen,—The people of Paris having destroyed by their heroism the last vestiges of foreign invasion, I hastened from the land of exile to place myself under the banner of the Republic just proclaimed, without any other condition than that of serving my country. I announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government, and assure them of my devotion to the cause they represent, as well as of my sympathy for their persons.

'NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.'

The arrival of the Prince spread in Paris like wildfire. A few hours later his portrait appeared as by magic in every shop window and kiosque on the Boulevards. There was no name under them. The only word, that puzzled many at first, but was soon guessed by the multitude, was LUI!! as if it meant 'It is *he* we want!'

Between nine and ten o'clock in the evening an immense crowd assembled between the corner of the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Laffitte, evidently with a view of catching a glance of the Prince, who was known to be at one of the hotels in the neighbour-

hood. The crowd grew thicker and thicker, but silent and collected. The police stood watching and listening to what was said in the crowd, so compact as to stop the traffic. The only words uttered by the police were 'Move on, gentlemen,' and this was done in the most civil manner possible.

On the morning of the 29th the Prince was waited on by a large number of politicians, some of whom left their cards and others were received by the Prince, with whom they remained closeted for a more or less length of time. The agitation was assuming a formidable proportion, the least incident might have been the cause of a sudden and dangerous explosion, the consequences of which no one could foresee. The portrait of the Prince with the word *lui* was in everyone's hand!

The Provisional Government became alarmed. They were wavering as to the course to be pursued in this grave emergency. Some of the members were of opinion that the Prince should be arrested and conveyed to the frontier under the escort of some officials. This mode of solving the difficulty was objected to by the more wise portion of the Provisional Government, who dreaded the effects of a rash step, which, if it were known, would become a pedestal for the Prince if an opportunity offered for the display of popular

sympathy, most difficult to check under the circumstances by the force of the army.

In this predicament, the Provisional Government had recourse to the only step likely to avert further complications. They wrote a letter to the Prince requesting him to act up to his words, and trusting to his expressed devotion to his country, entreated him to quit Paris for a time, and not to increase by his presence the difficulties by which the Provisional Government was just now surrounded. At the same time General Montholon, the intimate friend of the Prince, was deputed to prevail upon him to comply with the request of the Provisional Government, and to return to England without a moment's delay.

The Prince received the intimation with perfect calm, though apparently mingled with a slight feeling of disappointment. Persigny, whose reluctance for half-measures was well known, urged the Prince to rebel against the request of the Provisional Government, which he considered tantamount to an order to quit France.

His views were seconded by others, who contended that the best thing that could happen to promote the political prospects of the Prince would be his forced expulsion from the country by a hand-

ful of men who had seized the supreme power without the assent of the people. The majority advised a stubborn resistance.

The Prince, after listening to the pros and cons of both parties, and seemingly unmoved by any of their arguments, rose suddenly and said:

'Gentlemen!—I have resolved to start to-night! I feel grateful for all you said with a view of promoting the cause I represent, but in this instance I do not think I should be right in following your advice. The Provisional Government, though merely a *de facto* one, is the only safeguard of the country at present. It would be criminal on my part to shake or upset it. I do not wish to throw obstacles in their way. I came to Paris to offer my services to the Government, and I do not intend swerving from my word. The elections are about to take place for a National Assembly, and they will soon show the feelings of the country. It would be a bad beginning for me to excite a revolt at a moment when everybody is bound to make the existing Government respected!'

These few words were uttered in a firm and determined tone of voice that precluded every attempt to contradict them.

On March 2 the Prince left Paris, and arrived at

Folkestone the next morning, attended by myself and Thélin.

The departure of the Prince from Paris was commented upon from two different points of view by his partisans. By many it was construed into an act of submissiveness unbecoming his great name and political importance. They contended that he ought to have refused to quit Paris, and forced the Provisional Government to act violently for his expulsion. As he had come to Paris, he ought to have made the most of it in the way of increasing his popularity through some bold step. Others maintained that the Prince had acted most judiciously in complying with the request to go back to England, and by so doing had attained twofold objects of great value; the first, by bringing his name to the front again; and secondly, by showing that he did not choose to make his popularity a tool for revolt against the Government, but was rather desirous of serving through it the cause of legality and even his own. Besides being patriotic, the course adopted by the Prince was exceedingly politic, as in the elections which were to take place very shortly for a National Assembly he stood a great chance of being returned a member by one or more departments, and of securing a footing in his own country by constitu-

tional means, which would be most conducive to the attainment of his object.

The view the Prince took of his position was perfectly right. By submitting to the injunction of the Provisional Government he drew upon himself the respect and consideration of his countrymen, who as a token of their attachment to the cause he represented gave him a seat in the Assembly by returning him a member in five of the largest departments in France.

THE PRINCE'S DEPARTURE FOR PARIS AS REPRESENTATIVE OF FIVE DEPARTMENTS IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

The Prince was just then in great want of money. He knew that his presence in Paris as a member of the National Assembly would attract great attention, and compel him to incur heavy expenses attending his new position. He therefore requested me to call in his name upon the Duke of Brunswick, for the purpose of getting from him 20,000 francs, either as an additional loan, or in exchange for the 20,000 francs of the shares of the 'National' accepted by the Prince in part payment of the 6,000*l.*, which were entirely valueless to him.

The Duke refused any further advance, notwithstanding my making it clear to him that the offensive and defensive treaty he had entered into with the Prince was binding on him to support his cause in the only way he could, the more so as it was evident that the Prince was making strides in the desired direction more rapid than was anticipated.

This refusal made the Prince exceedingly angry, and was the main cause of the Emperor's never being reconciled with the Duke of Brunswick when he was in Paris.

Even before his escape from the citadel of Ham the Prince endeavoured to exchange the shares of the 'National' for a sum of 20,000 francs he then required very much, but the Duke having been firm in his refusal, the Prince wrote me from Ham the following letter:

'Ham: December 9, 1845.

'My dear Orsi,—I see from your letter of the 4th that you have done all you could to get for me the 20,000 francs I require. I thank you for it. Should the Duke ask what my answer was, tell him that his refusal has led me to infer that I was completely mistaken, and that our agreement is nothing more than a purely commercial transaction.

'Yours ever,

'L. N. BONAPARTE.'

Before starting for Paris, the Prince requested me to remain in London for the purpose of settling some of his private affairs and putting all matters straight.

After being proclaimed President of the Republic on December 10, 1848, he sent for me to come to Paris. The first time I had the honour of seeing him at the Elysée I could not help feeling unaccountably proud and happy at his glorious attainment of the exalted position for which he had endangered his life, suffered exile, obloquy, and long imprisonment. In his kind and easy way he passed in review the extraordinary events we had gone through together, and which had culminated in the greatest success that could have been imagined or hoped for, and while dwelling on the happy result of his perseverance and energy, he referred in the most grateful and affectionate manner to what I had been fortunate enough to accomplish for him, both in reference to the Boulogne expedition and his escape from Ham, which latter he could not have effected without the means I had succeeded in obtaining for his deliverance.

The Prince having expressed the wish that I should settle in Paris, I hastened to comply with his request, which I did the more eagerly as I could see

that his advent to the Presidency had taken place in direct opposition to the wishes of the Royalists, Orleanists, and Radicals, and that the task he had to perform was a difficult one, and not likely to be gone through without the greatest energy and firmness on his part.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE PRESIDENT.

In the evening of September 20, 1851, I received a note from Dr. Conneau, requesting me to call upon the President without fail next evening at nine o'clock.

The position of political affairs was at that very moment most alarming. The attacks on the power conferred by the country upon the President were becoming so formidable as to make a conflict sooner or later inevitable.

The Legislative Assembly, mainly composed of Orleanists, Legitimists, and Ultra-Republicans, were doing all they could to obstruct the Government, to render it unpopular, and to overthrow the President himself. The Royal factions were busy plotting for their respective candidates; the Orleanists were canvassing for the Prince de Joinville, the Legitimists for Henry V. The Democrats and Socialists had

appointed agents all over the country to spread anarchical doctrines, sedition, and disorder. The very Ministers of the President were not to be trusted. The crisis was proved to be at its climax when it became evident that no *modus vivendi* could be devised between the President and the Assembly, despite the efforts made by the former to establish it.

The enemies of the President were the more furiously bent upon getting rid of him as the country was giving daily unmistakable signs of looking upon him as the only man capable of extricating the country from the dangerous and ruinous situation in which the hostile parties wanted to keep it, to serve their selfish purposes. Other facts that had recently taken place, as the recess of the Assembly, the retirement of the Ministry, and the formation of a new Cabinet with General St. Arnaud as Minister of War, pointed to some great event likely to take place shortly by the initiative of the President, before it was too late.

Such was the state of affairs on September 21, when I had the honour of being shown into the private cabinet of the President, whom I found in excellent spirits and remarkably calm.

'I have read,' said he, 'your report respecting the

arrangements you made in London for the final settlement of such matters as had been left in suspense by me previous to my departure for Paris. I thank you for the zeal and care with which you have complied with my wishes. It is time for me to see what I can do for you, and I hope I shall soon be able to prove how grateful I feel for all you have accomplished to carry out my views. Meanwhile, let me give you a mark of my great affection and esteem.'

In saying these words, the Prince took out of the button-hole of his coat the riband of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and handing it to me desired me to adjust it on my own.

'The distinction you are good enough to confer upon me,' said I, 'fills my heart with the greatest gratitude, and I prize it the more as it was an act of spontaneous consideration on your part. I thank you for the honour you have done me to-day, and which I consider to be the highest reward for my devotion to your Highness.'

'I thought,' added the Prince, 'of giving you letters of naturalisation. What do you say to that?'

'I should be proud, most assuredly,' said I, 'of being naturalised a Frenchman, but this I beg your Highness will not think of. People would say that I gave

up my nationality to serve my private interests, and such a supposition would be very painful to me. Besides, if you ever hold the destinies of this country altogether in your hands, you will, I hope, remember that Italy has not forgotten your sympathy for her, and that you will seize the first opportunity to make that country the grateful ally of France in helping to deliver her from the hateful yoke of the Austrians.'

'I respect your motives,' answered the President. 'What is your opinion,' continued he, 'about the ultimate end of the conflict existing between the Assembly and myself?'

'The conspiracy,' I replied, 'of the Royalists and Republicans against your Government and yourself personally is evident, and my fear is that, although the country sides with you, your enemies will, if they are left alone, lay violent hands upon you when they are ready to substitute some one else in the place you occupy.'

As the President remained silent, and was still looking at me, as if waiting to hear what more I had to say, I continued, 'Of course I should not venture to speak my mind as I used to do in London.'

'Pray do, by all means,' said the President; 'tell me your impressions frankly and unreservedly.'

'My impression is that the position, as I see it, is becoming more and more alarming, and my dread is that you will be taken by surprise; every one sees the danger you are in. Fortunately, a general feeling of entire confidence in your energy and persistency of purpose is prevailing. No one can be brought to believe that you will quietly submit to be overthrown without a struggle. I have no doubt you will carry the day, and be armed by the country with the fullest powers. How this result will be obtained it is difficult to foresee, but should you succeed in securing the power you require to save the country from anarchy, I should most respectfully suggest that you hold it firmly, and use it to carry out with a high hand the so much needed reforms in every part of the state machinery. By putting into practice the principles you have so nobly advocated for the welfare of the country, in which, when quiet and prosperous, aspirations for free institutions and public liberties will make their way among all classes of society as a necessity of the times, the constituencies will be brought to see, by the acts of your Government, that the fostering on their part of a rebellious instead of a strictly constitutional opposition, will be suicidal and unpatriotic.'

The President listened to what I had been saying

without letting a single twitch of his brow betray his thoughts.

An aide-de-camp having just entered the room to inform the President of the arrival of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, I retired, in great apprehension and anxiety regarding his personal safety.

MEXICO.

In the latter part of September 1866, three American gentlemen sailed from New York to Havre, and put up at the same hotel where a friend of mine, Mr. Francis, late editor of the 'Morning Chronicle,' had taken up his quarters for some days.

Political controversies and other matters connected with the New and Old World brought naturally the two parties to exchange their views on the questions at issue. Not many days elapsed before their intercourse became intimate owing to the good feeling which pleasure trips in the environs of Havre had contributed to create. The object of their journey to Europe had been kept a secret all the while; but on one occasion, as the Mexican question became the topic of the day, one of the three gentlemen asked Mr. Francis whether he knew anyone in Paris who could lay before the Emperor himself a scheme of vast importance, and

likely to suit his views. Mr. Francis immediately thought of me, answered in the affirmative, upon which they made up their minds to repair to Paris at once.

Mr. Francis having left Havre at the same time, called upon me the next day to ask whether I would consent to be introduced to these gentlemen, leaving, of course, to me full liberty of action should their proposal appear sufficiently important to command the attention of the Emperor.

The introduction having taken place, I gave them to understand, in as gentle a way as possible, that before I went further into the affair, I should consider it a duty on my part to get from them some satisfactory evidence that they were what they represented themselves to be, and that they had the authority of laying before the Emperor the project of which they were the bearers. I must say that my remark was met in the most cordial spirit, and that everything was done to satisfy me of their honourable position.

These preliminaries having been disposed of, I asked what was the object of our interview.

One of the party took a paper out of his pocket, and before reading it said to me:

'To enable you to understand thoroughly the

bearing of the proposal we wish you to lay before the Emperor, and to make you acquainted with the intricacies of our political strifes, of which it is not likely you have as complete a knowledge as you possess of those which take place on this side of the water, allow me to read this paper, which frames the complete adjustment of the Mexican question by peaceful means to the satisfaction of all parties. The perusal of this document will be suggestive of many remarks both on the part of the Emperor and yourself. It is therefore highly important that you should have a perfect knowledge of the *raison d'être* of its contents, and at the same time that you should be supplied with the means of answering any objections raised against it.'

Treaty drawn by the Diplomatic Association for the Adjustment of the Mexican Question and the Settlement of National Geographical Boundaries with the United States.

The United States will not be content until natural geographical boundaries are fixed to New Mexico, securing to the former railway routes connecting the Gulf States with the Pacific Ocean and California.

A line starting at a point on the Rio Grande del Norte, two leagues below the mouth of the Rio Sabinos, thence direct to Cape St. Lucas on the Pacific, being the southern extremity of the State of Lower California, would satisfactorily secure the object.

The lands, minerals, harbours, and everything of material value north of this line were granted to American companies by the Mexican Governments under Comonfort, Miramon, and Juarez, previous to the occupation of Mexico by the French.

The United States Government are pledged to maintain the rights of these companies under their respective grants, therefore the Emperor Maximilian has nothing to cede except sovereignty over a territory inhabited for the most part by wild roving bands of marauding Indians.

It is owing to the support and encouragement Juarez receives from these large and powerful companies that he can stand his ground against the Emperor Maximilian, and to them he is indebted for the loan recently contracted by him of fifteen millions of francs to defray the expenses of the rebellion.

The new character political events appear to take in the United States, owing to the opposition met

with by President Johnson in the Congress, have materially altered the views entertained by the wealthy and influential men who side with the President in reference to the Mexican question, which they consider as the most powerful weapon in the hands of the Opposition.

An association of men belonging to these land and mining companies, and which has been joined by other influential people having heavy claims against the Imperial Government, has been formed both in Paris and New York for the purpose of conveying to the French Government their views and their projects as regards an understanding with the American Executive calculated to solve practically the Mexican imbroglio to the satisfaction of all parties.

This powerful association, influential in the Congress, in the press, and in the financial world, relying on the support of the President, have determined upon laying before the Imperial Government of France the following proposal :—

I. The Imperial Government of Mexico will sell and transfer to the United States the territories to the north of the line, namely, the Lower California, Sonora, Gueymas and Sinaloa, for 300 millions of dollars in 5 per cent. American stock.

II. On the Mexican Government transferring the above territory to the United States, the American Government will recognise the Mexican Empire.

III. From the day when these territories belong to the United States, both the American Executive and the land and mining companies whose grants will then be secured will, either directly or indirectly, cut short all supplies in money, arms, or otherwise to the ex-President Juarez, and do all in their power to discountenance others in the rebellion.

IV. As soon as the French and Mexican Governments have consulted each other on the advisability of entertaining the project laid before their consideration, a secret and provisional treaty will be entered into between the American and French Governments to secure the loyal fulfilment of the clauses above mentioned; on the Congress voting the sum of 300 millions of dollars as before mentioned.

V. The cession of the four provinces to the United States shall be effected by means of a contract or deed of sale, and not by treaty, which, according to the American constitution, would require the assent of two-thirds of the Congress, while a simple majority is sufficient to sanction a transfer of territory by deed of sale.

VI. The French Emperor and the President of the United States agreeing on the adjustment of the natural boundaries, a contract will be entered into, subject to the approval of the Emperor Maximilian. Upon notice of his approval, the President of the United States will hand over to the French Government 300 millions 5 per cent. stocks and take immediate possession of the four provinces, protecting the Mexican Emperor against all marauding expeditions from the territories acquired.

VII. A treaty to be entered into by the contracting parties, pledging the lands, minerals, and all the resources of the territory acquired to the payment of the interest on the 300 millions scrip, until Congress shall ratify the contract and appropriate sufficient money out of the common treasury to pay the interest and principal stipulated.

VIII. On the French Government receiving the 300 millions 5 per cent. stock, the Emperor Napoleon will make such arrangements with the Emperor Maximilian as regards the share to be apportioned out of it to him as will be agreed between the two parties, and he will keep whatever is left to indemnify himself for the expenditure occasioned by the expedition.

IX. A sum of 250,000 dollars to be paid by the

French Government to Juarez on his leaving the country at once, and signing a renunciation to any future interference in the Mexican affairs.

'The scheme you have sketched out,' said I, 'is of such magnitude as not to be embraced at once in its entirety. It *may* raise many objections and doubts on the part of the French Government. It will be as well, therefore, that I should be in possession of further information before I can put it in a tangible way before the consideration of the Emperor. In the first place, what is the object President Johnson is supposed to attain, should the plan proposed be carried out?'

'Your remark,' said the gentleman (who seemed to be the spokesman of his friends), 'is to the point, as you could not understand thoroughly the bearing of the proposal if I did not render it clear to your mind beforehand what is the present situation of Mr. Johnson with reference to the Mexican question. President Johnson is a Conservative both by principle and personal interest. He strives to strengthen, by means of popular measures, the Conservative party, in order to prevent the Radicals from coming to power. He had two objects in view, first his re-election, second the complete and unconditional

return of the Southern States into the American Union. A Southerner himself, Mr. Johnson is eager to appease passions and to foster peace and harmony among all the members of the community. The most efficient means by which he can attain his object is an extension of territory in the North and South of the Union: in the North by the acquisition of the provinces called Western British Territory (for which active negotiations are going on at this moment), in the south by that of the northern provinces of Mexico. By the disbanding of the army President Johnson finds some 700,000 or 800,000 men in array before him, without resources, and ready to go wherever they think there is anything to fight for. They form with the Fenians the greatest support of the Radicals, and are waiting for the signal of another civil war to follow their favourite calling of marauding and pillage. By acquiring the four Mexican provinces President Johnson will attain three objects:—1st. He will promote by every possible means the emigration to that territory of all the elements of disorder which are the strength of the Radicals; 2nd. He will satisfy public opinion, anxious to get an extension of territory in that direction; 3rd. He will increase the number of electors, who, he expects, will vote for his re-election, or for members to the

Congress that are favourable to his policy. Another advantage President Johnson will derive from the purchase of the four provinces consists in the support he will receive from the powerful companies that covet their possession, and in the cessation of hostilities on the part of Juarez, who, being thus left without supplies, will be compelled to retire.'

'You make it very clear to me,' said I, 'that President Johnson would better *his* position by the acquisition of these provinces, but I do not see as yet how Juarez is to be dealt with to get rid of him.'

'President Johnson,' answered my interlocutor, 'to soften the hostility of the Radicals, was not so unfriendly to Juarez as he wished to be, but he has been watching the moment when it would be possible for him to break the good understanding existing between the Radicals and Juarez. This opportunity offers itself now, by sanctioning the plan we propose, and which Juarez has fully agreed to, namely, that he should retire from Mexico on his receiving a sum of money on the day he signs the treaty.'

'At every explanation you are good enough to give me, I feel my mind entering more clearly into the full understanding and importance of the ques-

tion, which at first was rather puzzling to me. Now please tell me, by what means President Johnson expects to have the project ratified by the Congress, supposing it is agreed to by the French and Mexican Emperors?'

'There are now,' said the gentleman, 'two opposite currents in the American Government. On one side the policy of the President, on the other that of Seward—the policy that supports Juarez, and that which supports Ortega; Juarez backed by the President, Ortega backed by Seward and the Congress. This state of antagonism will last till March 4 next, when Congress and Minister will disappear. From March 4 to December 1, 1867, when the new Congress meets, the President will be the only authority in the country. We must call your attention to the circumstance that it was with the greatest reluctance that President Johnson acknowledged the present constituted Congress. The new Congress of December 1, 1867, will give the President a different position, from his having declared in the most explicit manner that he *will not* acknowledge the legal status of the Congress if the members of the Southern States were to be excluded from the representation of the country, whether the Congress met on December 1, 1867, or at any anterior epoch,

which could be done by a vote of the present Congress in opposition to the will of the President. This is the crisis dreaded by every one, as it will decide which of the two contending parties will carry the day. The negotiation which is progressing just now between Juarez and the American Association from whom Juarez constantly drew the sinews of war, has already thrown into a great stir the camp of the chiefs of the Mexican rebellion, who are aware that on the four provinces forming part of the Union, by purchase or otherwise, they become American citizens, and, as such, powerless to keep up a rebellion in Mexico.'

'If President Johnson,' said I, 'is so interested in the purchase of these provinces, how is it that he has not communicated more directly on the subject with the French Government?'

'My answer to this,' he replied, 'is easy enough. President Johnson could not communicate officially with the French Government on the subject, because he dreaded a refusal, remembering how the Emperor had for the last four years been adverse to the aggrandisment of the United States. It was therefore resolved that a confidential communication of the scheme should be made first by the Diplomatic Association of which we are members. This was con-

sidered the best way to solve the difficulty, and as we have been from the beginning the supporters of Juarez, in arms, clothing, provisions, ammunition, and money, it was quite natural that we should be the confidential bearers of the project, before the two Governments were called upon to communicate their views in a more overt way.'

'Allow me to ask you whether you can point to any antecedent of a similar transaction having taken place on the part of the United States Government?'

'Certainly I can,' was the answer. 'President Polk gave Sant' Anna three millions of dollars and a safe-conduct through our victorious fleets and armies, simply to sign a treaty of peace ceding to us Texas and California, already in the complete occupation of our armies, but Sant' Anna proved false to all his pledges, and preferred the prolongation of a hopeless war to receiving one hundred millions of dollars for these States, which compelled us to drive him out of the country, and create another Government to sign a treaty of peace to enable us to retire.'

'I think,' said I, 'that I have now made myself sufficiently acquainted with the object of your mission to be able to lay it before the French Government

in a tangible shape. As regards the one million francs to be paid to Juarez, how is it to be dealt with?'

'The French Government,' he replied, 'will have to send to Washington a trustworthy agent of their own with instructions to pay that sum to Juarez in exchange for the treaty to be signed by Juarez himself in his presence, of which he will have a copy beforehand. The representative of the French Government is not to part with the money entrusted to him except for that purpose.'

Our interview had lasted upwards of three hours when I took leave of the three gentlemen, to whom I promised to prepare a memorandum which I would lay before them for their approval, previous to my presenting it to the Emperor.

I was perplexed for a while respecting the course I should pursue in fulfilment of my promise, whether I was to apply directly to the Emperor or to the Minister for Foreign Affairs; in other words, whether it would be wiser for me to give the Minister the opportunity of taking the initiative in such a negotiation, than that he should receive at the hands of the Emperor the knowledge of what must go through his department sooner or later.

The Emperor happening to labour under a slight

indisposition, I made up my mind, to save time, to ask an audience of the Minister.

On October 31, 1866, I had the honour of laying before him the memorandum I had prepared for the adjustment of the Mexican question.

His Excellency read it, and appeared deeply struck with the importance of the subject, more so, indeed, than I at first anticipated. All at once he cooled down, as if he felt he had gone too far in my presence, I being a perfect stranger to him. I saw that at once, and said, 'M. le Ministre, you may rely upon the genuineness of the document I have just handed to you. If you will kindly mention *my name* to the Emperor, as the person from whom you have received it, you will have no reason to regret the honour you have conferred on me to-day.'

'The proposal you have so fully developed in your paper,' said the Minister, 'throws a new light altogether upon the Mexican question, I must confess. It is a scheme that may solve difficulties by which we are beset, if it is carried out as proposed. I will see the Emperor to-day, and I have no doubt I shall have the pleasure of another interview with you very shortly.'

On November 3 I was requested by the Chef de Cabinet to call again upon the Minister at ten o'clock in the morning.

'I saw the Emperor yesterday morning,' said the Minister, 'and on my mentioning your name his Majesty spoke to me in such warm terms of your devotion to him, that I feel myself completely at home with you in discussing this very important matter, the success of which will avert from the Imperial Government many misgivings that loom in the distance. Have you,' added he, 'gathered sufficient information about the gentlemen who form part of the Association? Do you know who they are, and what is their standing in the United States?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'and I have no objection to give you their names if you pledge your word not to mention them, as it would render the transaction an impossibility for the reasons adduced in my memorandum. What I can safely say is that they are personally well known to General Dix, although of their mission to Europe he is completely ignorant. I beg, M. le Ministre, to call your particular attention to the necessity of keeping as secret as possible every step we take in the affair, or most assuredly we shall fail.'

'Am I to understand,' said the Minister, 'that the appropriation of the 300,000,000 dollars 5 per cent. American stock, to be paid for the four provinces,

is to be left to the private arrangements intervening solely between the Emperor Maximilian and our Emperor?'

'That is so,' said I.

'So far as I can judge, I do not apprehend any opposition on the part of the Emperor Maximilian to the fulfilment of this project. The only point upon which I hesitate to give an answer is the sum of 1,000,000 francs to be paid to Juarez on his signing the treaty. Where are we to find such a sum?'

'Assuredly, M. le Ministre, you cannot mean to say that 1,000,000 francs for such a purpose as this is out of the reach of the French Government. The money is to be entrusted by you to a responsible agent of the Government, and to be paid by him to Juarez personally in exchange of the treaty. No treaty—no money; you do not run any risk of losing it.'

'We will see about that,' said the Minister. 'The Emperor is just now slightly indisposed, but you will be summoned to the Tuileries in a day or two. If necessary, will these gentlemen object to an interview with me on the subject?'

'Quite the contrary—they will feel grateful for the honour.'

On November 11 I received through Charles Thélin a communication from the Emperor to call at St. Cloud at four o'clock. Owing to important matters requiring the Emperor's presence in Paris, the council of Ministers had to meet at the Tuileries instead of at St. Cloud as intended.

The Emperor, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and I sat for some time to consider what was to be done towards the proposed scheme. The first point which the Minister for Foreign Affairs dwelt on, was the million francs to be sent out to Washington, which he did not know how to procure.

Turning to address the Emperor, I said:

'Sire, I humbly confess that I am at a loss to conceive how the French Government, that has spent perhaps 300,000,000 in sending an army to Mexico, is powerless to find in some way or other 1,000,000 for such a great purpose. You might be suspicious respecting the employment of this sum if you were asked to trust it to some one not personally responsible to the Government, but we ask nothing of the kind. Please to remark, Sire, that your Government can never be compromised by this negotiation, which is secretly carried out. Your Majesty has at other times entrusted me with the management of as vital and secret affairs as this

is; therefore, should you desire it, I am at your command to accompany to America the person selected for the transaction. I will watch, and give advice if required, and nothing shall be left undone that is necessary to secure success.'

The Emperor, who was evidently in ill-health and in low spirits, did not appear willing to oppose his Minister on this point.

'Then,' said I, addressing the Minister, 'we had better give it up at once, as it would not be fair to keep these gentlemen waiting here for what is not likely to be fulfilled at any time.'

The Minister appeared stung with my remark, and said to the Emperor: 'I beg your Majesty will allow me a few days more to consider what can be done. There are other circumstances connected with the affair which I make it my duty to look after; for instance, I have no hesitation in saying that I *have* written to M. Montholon to enquire whether he has heard anything connected with this project, and before I receive an answer I cannot advise your Majesty to enter more fully into it.'

On hearing these words, I could not help remarking rather sharply:

'Well! M. le Ministre, you have entirely lost sight of the nature of the negotiation, the success

of which is impossible if it is not kept a secret until Juarez is bound hand and foot by the treaty we propose. You expect to receive from your official representative at Washington such information in reference to this matter as you think will be valuable for your guidance. Believe me, you will get none but such as will mislead you. You appear to forget the main point on which I insisted at my first interview with your Excellency, namely, the necessity of *absolute* secrecy. It is not always what appears in daylight that takes place. Underground action, in matters of this kind in particular, is much more potent and safe, because one is not called upon to fight against contending interests.'

A silence of a few minutes followed my words. The Emperor then rose to lie on the sofa, evidently in pain.

I took leave of him and of the Minister, who promised to write to me in a few days.

I left the room in a desponding spirit at the sight of the weak state of the Emperor, and at the lukewarm way in which the proposed great scheme had been met.

On December 21 I wrote the following letter to the Emperor:

'Sire,—I have the honour to inform your Majesty, that the Honourable William Maclay, the friend of President Johnson, one of the most eminent men in the United States, and member of Congress for the last twelve years, has just arrived from New York, and solicits the honour of an audience with your Majesty in reference to the Mexican question previous to his return to America by the next mail.

'I regret to state that I have received as yet no communication from the Minister for Foreign Affairs as expected, and I am under the painful impression that nothing will be done in this all-important affair unless we act untrammelled by official enquiries.

'Sire, I entreat you to give credence to my statements, which I can vouch for as being guided by my *entire* devotion to your Majesty's interests. You will soon find that before venturing to persevere as I do on this occasion I had weighed the matter well, not to mislead you.

'Waiting the favour of your Majesty's commands, I have the honour to remain, with deepest respect,

'Sire,

'Your most devoted servant,

'ORSI.'

The Emperor did not grant Mr. Maclay the audience he had solicited, and I was referred to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, upon whom I was requested to call on December 25.

My interview with the Minister took place at ten o'clock in the morning of that day. Every possible argument that human mind could elaborate to bring him to a more favourable view of the matter was set forth by me, but in vain! I pointed out to him in the strongest language the importance of the advantages to be derived by the two Imperial Governments from this proposal, and the fatal consequences that would follow its rejection, as well as the disastrous effect on public opinion, should the Emperor Napoleon's 'Mexican enterprise' prove a ruinous failure, which was at that moment so greatly dreaded. I also reminded his Excellency that the *secrecy* with which the present scheme was intended to be carried out would prevent any risk of its being known or commented upon *in case of mishap*; but alas! nothing would induce the Minister to change his mind on the subject.

Our interview at last took a rather stormy character in consequence of the state of excitement I was in from the Minister's dwelling so much on the

difficulty of procuring 1,000,000 francs to be paid to Juarez, and his unwillingness to give the proposal a fair trial, which the painful predicament the Government was then in regarding Mexico rendered it almost imperative for him to do.

MY LIFE IN PARIS DURING AND FOLLOWING THE COMMUNE.

To a keen observer, Paris in 1869 was daily falling off from the brilliancy and gaiety of former years. The Emperor's health was visibly on the decline, and the general feeling of the community was one of unaccountable despondency and anxiety for the future. There was something more than change in the political and social atmosphere; there was a taint in the air, so to speak. Mortality was increasing in the capital, and the minds of the generality of people seemed diseased, as if the power of self-possession had come to nought. Reports of an alarming nature were circulated daily in the Faubourgs, as well as in the fashionable parts of Paris, respecting the magnitude and efficiency of the Prussian army; yet these reports, whether they proceeded from the correspondents of the press, or were forwarded by the French officials residing at Berlin, remained unheeded or disbelieved. The idea of the Emperor,

of strengthening his power by a plébiscite, failed to secure the object he wished to attain; for, although it proved a great success numerically speaking, it created the suspicion that he felt his power was losing ground, and had resorted to a bold step with the view of gauging the degree of his popularity before attempting some great stroke of policy. It was evident from the alacrity and unanimity with which the plébiscite was carried, that the French nation, witness of the incessant attacks of the enemies of the Empire, had hastened to rally eagerly, almost feverishly, round the Emperor, in the hope of averting calamities looming in the distance, of which it could neither define the nature nor foresee the intensity.

Things went from bad to worse. The sudden candidature of Prince Hohenzollern to the Spanish throne was followed by a serious misunderstanding between the Prussian and French Courts, which ended in the declaration of war on July 15, 1870. It is needless to narrate the well-known course, and the disastrous close for France, of the war so inconsiderately begun. In less than a six weeks' campaign, the Emperor and the whole of the French army had been made prisoners at Sedan by the Prussians.

I was then residing in Paris, 23 rue Royale: a spot especially favourable for observing the course of events. The first attack made against the Imperial authority was effected by some 400 or 500 ragged and shoeless ruffians led by a few better dressed men, who marched past my house in column of six abreast, in the direction of the Place de la Concorde, and actually crossed the bridge between two lines of soldiers. These, having no orders to oppose this inroad, allowed them to pass, and to enter the Chamber of Deputies which at the sight of the populace declared the *déchéance* of the Emperor, and dispersed, never to meet again.

The events which followed in rapid succession are matters of history—the proclamation of the third Republic, the formation of a Government of National Defence, the investment and siege of Paris, and its capitulation on January 28, 1871. The National Assembly, elected at Bordeaux in the following month, continued the Government of National Defence, with M. Thiers as chief of the executive power. It was decided that the Assembly should sit at Versailles, and Paris was left to take care of itself. The result was the insurrection of the Paris populace, and the establishment of the Commune on March 18, 1871.

On the 21st I was crossing the Place of the Grand Opera, when I saw several groups of respectable looking National Guards holding a flag on which was written, 'Friends of Order.' I followed them as they entered the rue Richelieu and the Place de la Bourse, and I saw that they were received with enthusiasm by everyone shouting, 'Vive l'ordre!' 'Vive l'Assemblée Nationale!' 'Down with the Commune!' The number of National Guards increased to nearly 4,000. They were all armed. As they were passing by the different spots occupied by the *fédérés*, no resistance was made to them. On the contrary, the insurgents seemed pleased with the manifestation. It seemed a good omen. But on the following day all was changed. The real power was concentrated in the hands of an executive called 'Comité Central;' and when, on the 22nd, the 'Friends of Order,' unarmed, repeated their manifestation on which they relied to influence the greater portion of the National Guards (Fédérés), and tried to go through the Place Vendôme, they were checked by a violent volley of musketry. The Fédérés of the Central Committee strewed the pavement with the dead and wounded, not only the 'Amis de l'Ordre,' but also of innocent people, women and children, who happened to pass that way. I had

barely time to lie flat on the ground and to crawl into a *porte cochère*, from whence I got out safely at dusk. But suddenly Paris was, as by magic, again joyful and hopeful. What was the cause of this change?—a proclamation from Admiral Saisset as follows:—

'My dear Fellow-citizens,—I hasten to inform you that, with the concurrence of the Deputies of the Seine and the Maires of Paris, we have obtained from the Government of the National Assembly:—1. The complete acknowledgment of your municipal franchises. 2. The right of electing all the officers of the National Guards, the general included. 3. A modification of the law respecting bills. 4. A law on the rents favourable to the tenants, up to 1,200 francs rent. Until you rectify my appointment, or elect another in my stead, I will continue to fill my post of honour, with a view of watching the carrying out of the laws of conciliation we have succeeded in procuring, and to contribute to the strengthening of the Republic.

'ADMIRAL SAISSET.'

This proclamation was hailed in Paris with the greatest satisfaction. It seemed to show that the Government at Versailles was prepared to take all

due measures for the rightful government and protection of Paris. But this joy was not of long duration. The day following the proclamation was one of complete discouragement and dismay, it having been made known that the National Assembly had positively refused to grant what had been applied for by the Paris deputies and *maires*. Admiral Saisset's proclamation was therefore either a most unaccountable deception on his part, or the Government of Versailles had reversed their decision on some other ground. The character of Admiral Saisset being above suspicion, the blame was left to rest upon the National Assembly.

The consequences of this most injudicious step were: 1. The resignation of Admiral Saisset, who left Paris at once, and was followed by most of the well-intentioned and respectable part of the community, whose flight left the population unprotected, to do what they thought best for their own safety. 2. The election of the Municipal Councillors under the auspices of the Central Committee and of the Commune, instead of under the direction of the Paris deputies and *maires*, supported by the National Assembly. On March 26 the election of the members of the Municipal Council was a *fait accompli*. Out of eighty members, seventy at least

were quite unknown to the population. Paris was in their hands; daily life was as it were suspended, paralysed; no more tribunals, no more courts kept their sittings, no judges; 38,000 cases were in abeyance. The reign of terror, which was increasing at every defeat of the Federalists, was at its height. On the following Monday Marshal MacMahon was instructed to reduce the insurgent capital, and a night of frightful anxiety ensued. The troops of the National Assembly began the cannonades. Mont Valérien opened a murderous fire against the Courbevoie barracks occupied by the *fédérés*: Paris became a desert. Men, women, and children were running in every direction in frantic bewilderment —loads of wounded men were brought in. Meanwhile, the city was covered with barricades, by order of the Central Committee. The Place de la Concorde, the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, and the Place Vendôme were formidable defences.

During the night of the 4th the 'générale' was drummed to call everybody under arms. Sixty thousand men collected in defence of the Commune —Cluseret acting as their general. At five o'clock in the morning he took possession of the crossing at Courbevoie, which had been evacuated by the Versailles troops. The plan of Cluseret was to

march against Mont Valérien, and, after taking the fortress, to go to Versailles through Rueil and Nanterre. The vanguard was stopped by a most terrific fire from the fortress. The army of the Commune was thus cut in two. One took the direction of Versailles, the other came back to Paris. Between Sèvres and Meudon the battle raged fearfully. While the carnage went on, the Commune issued decrees by which Thiers, Favre, Picard, Simon, and Pothuau, the Ministers of the Assembly, were to be tried, and their properties confiscated.

Fighting was going on also at Clamart and Meudon. General Duval, having been made prisoner by General Vinoy, was shot dead. The foaming rage with which the fighting was carried on is indescribable! Two combatants, one of the regular army and a *fédéré*, had met at a bath establishment on the Avenue Neuilly. They began fighting, until by successive attacks made on one another, they reached the roof of the house. When both there, they threw away their rifles and began a hand-to-hand struggle, the trooper trying to free himself from the grasp of his enemy, and to make his escape. Seeing this, the *fédéré* drew a knife from his pocket, and, as he was going to stab him, the trooper lay

flat on the roof, and by a rapid movement got hold of one of his enemy's legs, and both fell on the pavement, a height of twenty-five yards! Neither of them was killed, but the trooper had his face besmeared with blood and dust. The *fédéré* having fallen on the trooper's body had the best of it, and killed him by stabbing him in the head.

One could not help being struck with the contrasts presented in the city itself, destruction and death raging in some of its quarters, intersected by barricades, while cannonade was levelling to the ground its beautiful environs; and at the same time its fashionable boulevards crowded with elegant folks loitering and smiling as if nothing was going on. The theatres were open. Light-hearted people were heard saying, 'Well! they fight there, let us enjoy ourselves here!' The *cafés* were ordered to be shut at midnight: useless precaution—you could see the lights through the interstices of the shutters, and men and women chatting, smoking, playing, and drinking, while the cannon was roaring in the distance, the mitrailleuses rattling incessantly, and the musketry crackling without intermittance. That was not all: after spending part of the night in these dens of infamy, it was considered a good joke to spend the rest in hiring a cab, and, the weather being

fine, to drive to the Arc de Triomphe to see how the fight was 'progressing'!

The troops of the National Assembly, reinforced by the arrival of the prisoners made by the Prussians at Sedan, grew in strength, and their assaults against the forts occupied by the *fédérés*, and the walls of the city, became more successful. Confusion and despair began to reign in the camp of the Commune. They tried to check the advance of the regular army by deeds of violence and cruel retaliation. They arrested, during the night of the 5th, Monsieur Dugerry, the curé of the Madeleine, the Archbishop of Paris and several other dignitaries of the Church, and political men of high standing. The same night the Archbishop's residence was pillaged.

A man named Raoul Rigault had been appointed Préfet de Police: unprincipled, daring, and unfeeling, this official issued a decree by which any person suspected of being a partisan of the National Assembly should be immediately arrested and tried. He might as well have stated, 'Shot without trial.' The delivery of letters was interrupted; gas was cut off: Paris was in the dark—with the exception of a few lamp-posts supplied with mineral oil lamps.

To make good the deficiency by death or wounds in the ranks of the army of the Commune, groups of

armed men were ordered to enter the houses at night, and to seize in their beds every man fit to carry a rifle. Men above sixty were exempt. Finding, however, that this method of recruiting did not answer their expectations, owing to many avoiding sleeping in their own houses, they had recourse to the following stratagem, which I saw myself from a window carried into effect with the utmost brutality. Ten men were posted at each side of the two ends of a street with their backs close to the wall. The street had no other issue except by the two extremities. As soon as the street was seen to contain a sufficient number of passers-by worth catching, the soldiers coming from both sides formed a barrier at both ends, and arrested everybody. Women, children, and elderly men were set at liberty; all the others were armed and sent to the front to fight against the regular army. Terror and distraction were at the highest pitch. The inhabitants of Neuilly, Courbevoie, and those who were still in the military zone, had been left houseless. With whatever they could get hold of, they took refuge in Paris. Hundreds of small vehicles were seen coming in loaded with mattresses, blankets, kitchen utensils, &c., to take shelter wherever they could find it.

The Commune having issued a decree that women and children and aged persons could leave Paris by paying two francs a head, the Préfecture de Police was actually taken by storm by thousands and thousands of people eager to secure a pass to get away. Both the Paris and Lyons, and the Orleans railway terminuses were the natural outlets for this wholesale exodus. The sight of the quays near these two terminuses baffles description. Their immense length and breadth was crammed with all sorts of vehicles, loaded with luggage and household articles. As it was impossible for the trains, however numerous, to meet the requirements, people were obliged to bivouac in the streets for several days and nights to await their turn.

It was then that I resolved to take a step which, however dangerous, seemed to me to be the wisest. On reaching my house at midnight I found the large iron gates open, and saw inside the court a carriage with two bright lights. I crawled between the carriage and the *loge* of the *concierge* to ask what it meant. The wife of the *concierge* came out, and, almost breathless from fear, begged me not to enter my apartment, as six *fédérés* were at that very moment arresting the Countess de Leon, who then occupied the second floor. She added that the

officer commanding the detachment had taken the names of the other inmates, and that a mark was made on his book when they wrote my name in it. I told the *concierge* that I would remain in the street to watch their departure, and that I would go in on the carriage leaving the court. The Countess was effectively arrested, and taken that night to the Préfecture de Police. The carriage having left the house, and the gates being locked, I went to bed, not without some anxiety as to what would take place the following day. Early in the morning I went to the Champs Elysées, where there was not a soul to be seen. I was wavering as to what I should do.

If I go home, I said to myself, I am sure to be arrested sooner or later; and as for my going elsewhere, it is out of the question, as my wife, who was very ill at the time, would have been left without protection. After considering the pros and cons of my resolve, I made up my mind to face the danger at once. To that effect I took the direction of the Préfecture de Police, determined to speak to the terrible Raoul Rigault. I had not imagined that the crowd eager to get a pass for two francs could be such as to prevent any approach to the Préfecture. I was nearly three hours before I could get near it. On my reaching the bridge, I tried to make my way

a little nearer, but a cordon of *fédérés* intercepted all communication with the Préfecture, that part excepted where the passes were sold. A mounted officer was standing in the middle of his troops, who seemed to be under his orders. I pushed through the crowd to get at the officer, but in vain! My scrambling attracted his attention at last. He looked at me, and as my voice could not reach him, I put a finger to my lips, to show that I wanted to speak to him.

'What do you want?' said he, after making me come near him.

'I want to speak to the Citizen Préfet.'

'I cannot allow you to pass.'

'I must——'

'I shall have you shot if you do not go away.'

'If you knew how important it is for the Commune that I should see him, you would——'

'What do you mean?'

'The salvation of the Commune requires——'

Scarcely had I uttered these words, when he ordered a man to see me safe to the door of the Citizen Préfet.

When there, I sent in my card.

'The Citizen Préfet cannot see you now,' said the orderly, 'but you may see his secretary, Citizen

Ferey. I will take your card in, if you wish to speak to him.'

'Do.'

I waited five minutes—at last the bell rang: I was ushered in.

Ferey was a mechanic: bodily, he was emaciated and looked sickly. Though remarkably ugly, his looks and the contracted muscles of his face, furrowed with deep wrinkles, testified the havoc worked on him by his thoughts, his passions, and the agitated life he was leading. It was he who, despairing of his cause at the last moment, sent the famous message '*Flambez Finances*!' (Set fire to the Ministry of Finance!) He was seated with his back to the door, writing. Hearing someone coming in, he stretched in my direction his right hand holding a pen, keeping all the while his eyes on the papers before him, and by a circuitous movement of his arm seemed to intimate that I should step forward, which I did. He held up his head, and staring at me for a second or two, said, 'What is it?'

'Citizen Ferey, last night the Countess Leon was arrested by your order in her apartment, 23 rue Royale, and it came to my knowledge that I should most likely have been served in the same way had I been at home at that time. I thought that by

putting myself voluntarily in your hands at once, there would be no reason for you to take compulsory steps against me. My opinions——'

'Your opinions are known to us—but we also know that you have taken no active part against us. We fight for what we believe to be fair and just. We do not kill for the pleasure of killing, but we must attain our object, and we shall, at any cost. As you are an Italian, I recommend you to keep quiet—you shall not be molested. However, I must tell you that you have taken a very bold step in calling on me on such an errand. It might have taken a different turn. Your frank declaration has served you. You may go.'

On May 12 the Commune issued the most unpatriotic and impolitic decree that could have been devised for its own destruction—the overthrow of the Colonne Vendôme. A crowd collected at the two barricades, one of which stood in the rue de la Paix, on the side of the Grand Opera, and the other in the rue Castiglione, on the side of the Tuileries, while in the Place Vendôme only a few had been admitted with tickets. At the four corners of the square was placed a military band, waiting for orders. At last the ropes which were fastened to the upper end of the column were worked upon by the cap-

stans, and the monument fell with a tremendous crash, causing the square to disappear for a few minutes in an enormous and blinding cloud of dust. To complete the disgrace of this savage act, the Commune invited tenders for the purchase of the 'Colonne,' which was to be sold in four separate lots. This injudicious and anti-national measure inspired the regular army of Versailles with such a spirit of revengeful rage, that on their entering Paris they lost all self-possession, and dealt with the insurrection brutally, and without any discrimination. The time for retribution was fast approaching.

Discord and recriminations were in the camp of the insurgents. A split in the Commune had already taken place, by which twenty of the most respectable members had sent in their resignation. The army of Versailles had the upper hand everywhere. The fort of Vanves was taken, that of Montreux dismantled; breaches were open at the Point-du-jour, at Porte Maillot, at St. Ouen. There seemed no option left to the insurgents but an ignominious flight or deeds of monstrous atrocity. The leaders of the insurrection lost their senses, and gave way to every species of madness and folly.

Fancy a *Concert at the Tuileries* under such circumstances! Who would believe this to have been

possible?—and yet so it was. On the evening of May 16, as I was crossing the Place du Carrousel to go to the Faubourg St. Germain, I saw the Tuileries illuminated, and what seemed to me to be a large attendance in the 'Salle des Maréchaux.' I thought I was dreaming. On my asking at the gate what it was, I was told that it was a 'concert,' to do honour to the recent success of the army of the Commune!

'Is admission free?'

'No; five francs for the ticket.'

I paid five francs, and got in. I shall never forget the sight!

The staircase was swarming with a few decently dressed people, elbowing ragamuffins of every description, clad in uniforms, with three or four stripes of gold lace on their sleeves and képis, and as they went upstairs were smoking and singing. There were many women, some of whom were pretty, neatly and modestly dressed, and well behaved. The concert had been managed on an estrade in the Salle des Maréchaux. The chairs, sofas, and window curtains, all in red velvet, with golden bees, were not, as might have been expected, the object of much attention. The company were seated, and enjoyed it as if the property was their own. Flirtation was a matter of course, but I must say that it

was indulged in with perfect decorum. The audience appeared to be pleased with the performance, and gave unmistakable signs of approval, followed in many instances by the roaring noise of the batteries, both of the regular army and of the Commune, which were busy at work under the very walls of Paris, wherein the people were singing!

Although I had made up my mind to see all I could of what occurred in Paris, I could stand no longer the distressing agitation I experienced at the sight of the old palace of the Tuileries being doomed to such a disgraceful desecration. The contrast between what the palace was under the Empire and what it became under the Commune was too great for me not to be made most miserable by it; I therefore walked into the garden, which, despite a few Venetian lights, was dark and gloomy, and I hurried out of it by the gate of the rue de Rivoli, where a crowd was collected to see the 'swells' coming out from the 'concert'!

Paris was speedily entering on the last stage of its agony. The army of Versailles had entered it from different points. The fight was desperate and frightful. Barricades were erected in almost every street. Prisoners on both sides were shot in scores at once. The Communists had set fire to the

Tuileries, to the Ministry of Finance, the Légion d'Honneur, the Hôtel de Ville, and many other buildings. Three of the largest houses in the rue Royale were also on fire; the one next to mine was reduced to ashes. Soldiers of the regular army began to make their appearance in the Faubourg St. Honoré. They soon reached the markets d'Agues-seau and of the Madeleine.

On May 23 I heard the bell of my apartment ring hurriedly. I opened the door, and found myself face to face with twelve Voltigeurs of the regular army, commanded by a lieutenant. The officer ordered the soldiers to search the apartment, and to shoot anyone wearing a uniform. He intimated to me that he must occupy the drawing-room looking into the rue Royale for the purpose of firing on the insurgents holding the barricade of the Faubourg St. Honoré. My wife was seated on her sofa. He ordered her out of the room; she resisted. The officer had her removed by force.

The soldiers then began firing on the insurgents from the windows. The latter, seeing this, took possession of the upper floors of the houses facing mine, and fired on the soldiers, who were driven from their post. The officer withdrew his men from the drawing-room, and asked for a map of Paris, not

knowing exactly where he was. I made a friend of him by pointing to my pictures, every one of which bore the sign of my being a partisan of the Emperor. He asked me whether I had any wine to give his soldiers, who had had nothing to eat or drink since the previous night. I ordered a distribution to them of bread and wine in the kitchen. Just as I was talking with the officer in the dining-room, separated by a thin wall from the drawing-room, a shot fired from the opposite side of the street traversed the drawing-room, and, penetrating through the lightly built partition of the dining-room, struck the officer in the temple. The officer fell as if shot dead. The soldiers, hearing the fall of the body, rushed into the room, and at the sight of their commander seemingly dead, seized me to have me shot at once; whereupon my servant, with great presence of mind, mixed some vinegar and water, and by bathing with it the temple of the officer, brought him to recover sufficiently to enable him to raise his hand and make a sign to the soldiers, who had seized me by both arms, to keep quiet. By God's mercy the officer had only been stunned, not by the bullet, but by a piece of brick which had been forced out of the wall. On the explanation given by their officer I was released, but not without

some hesitation, as the soldiers persisted in thinking the officer meant to palliate the fact with a view to save my life.

The party of soldiers left my house in the evening; and after that the firing from the insurgents against my windows increased to such a degree, that everything I had in the apartment was smashed and destroyed beyond hope of recovery. The front of the house had been so much pulled down by the incessant firing, that my bed could be seen from the street.

On the morning of May 25, as I was searching for some valuable papers amid the wreck of the apartment, two men in plain clothes arrived, and ordered me to follow them to the Préfecture de Police, which was now temporarily located at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs on the Quai d'Orsay. As we were then completely under military rule, I was examined by an officer, who asked me who and what I was, and whether I had any papers. I answered I had, but not knowing for what purpose I was called there, I had left them at home. Thereupon the two men were ordered to take me back in a cab, and, having taken possession of many letters from the Emperor and several others from different people, gave me to understand that, as it was possible I should be detained

for a few days, I had better make some provision for my wife. I saw at once that my life was not worth much, whether shot or transported, as many people quite as innocent as myself had been shot on simple suspicion or on a word imprudently uttered. It was a reign of terror of a new kind, of which I had not expected to become a victim.

As I was crossing the Place de la Concorde in returning to the Préfecture I happened to witness a most heartrending scene. Half-a-dozen soldiers had seized four *fédéres* on the barricade close by. The struggle between the former and the latter was evidently for life or death. The soldiers having at last overcome the resistance of their prisoners, tried to drag them to the wall of the Ministry of Marine to be shot. The poor wretches were imploring for life, and in the hope of some unexpected incident likely to come to their rescue, they lay down on the pavement and refused to stand erect. Seeing this, the soldiers shot them, one after another, while they were on the ground.

Overwhelmed by the distressing sight and my own situation, I was hurried into a large yard occupied by soldiers, gendarmes, and marines. There were stables and coach-houses on the right and left crammed with prisoners, some in plain clothes and

some in uniform. Sentinels were placed at the doors to prevent escape. We were all packed together, without the possibility of even lying down on the bare stones. Bread and water was our only food. On the approach of night we were shut in like cattle, with the intimation that any attempt to revolt or otherwise would be followed by peremptory execution. On the 26th, about six o'clock P.M., ten soldiers of the Garde Républicaine, with an officer at their head, began calling by name eight or ten prisoners at a time from one of these places, and dragged them, God knows where! Utter dejectedness and despair were depicted on everybody's face, especially of those who had been seized on the barricades, or wearing a uniform.

I formed part of a batch of nine prisoners, mostly in plain clothes. On that day rain had fallen incessantly. As we were following the 'Quai' which leads to the Champ de Mars, we thought we were going to be shot *en masse* without any further delay; but, on arriving there, the escort was ordered to take us to the Caserne Dupleix, which is near to it. On entering the barrack we met an officer, who first took our names, and then had us locked up in a room where seven more prisoners had already been brought in. It would be too horrible and revolting

to describe the filth and stench of such a place, which would have been barely large enough for seven or eight people—we were sixteen! The room was fitted with a board stretching between two walls, on which seven people only could lie. This was occupied by the seven prisoners we found there. The consequence was, we were compelled either to stand erect or to lie on the stones, which were damp and dirty. We remained in this state for two full days.

On the 29th the scene changed. At seven in the morning the door of the cell was opened. Eight soldiers were drawn up outside, in two lines of four each on both sides of the entrance. The sergeant called out one of the prisoners named Lefevre, who wore the uniform of the National Guard. The poor fellow stepped out between the two lines of the soldiers, and the door closed upon him. He was taken before the colonel, who was instructed to examine the prisoners, and had the discretionary power of ordering them to be shot on the spot if they had been made prisoners during the fight, or of sending them to Versailles to appear before the Superior Commission, by which tribunal they were either set at liberty or sentenced to transportation.

Poor Lefevre was not heard of again.

We thought we heard a brisk volley of musketry

in the large square of the barracks, but we had been so accustomed to that sort of noise for the last few months, that we paid no great attention to it. Later in the day another prisoner was called in the same way as the first, and he never came back again! This time the noise of the discharge was more distinct, which made us alive to the imminence of our fate. On the third prisoner being called out, he refused to go. Two soldiers had to take him out by force. He struggled for his life desperately. At last he was overpowered and carried away. The door was shut again. We all kept our breath, the better to hear what was going to take place outside. We had not long to wait. The discharge of the musketry re-echoed in our cell, which caused within it such a scene of despondency and despair as baffles description. We felt that it was all over with us. Next day four more were taken out and executed, which reduced our number to nine. By that time we had recovered from the first shock, and heeded little what was going to take place, as every one of us had bid adieu to the world and made our peace with God.

On May 31 the door was opened again, and twelve soldiers were drawn up before it. We were all ordered out. We thought we were going to be

shot *en masse*, to make quicker work of us. To our amazement we saw a large column of about 400 prisoners, four abreast, between two lines of grenadiers. Evidently, we were intended to form the last contingent to it. The soldiers having been drawn in two long lines on both sides of the column, an officer drew his sword, and having lifted himself up on a large wine hogshead to make himself well heard and understood by all, cried in a loud voice: 'Soldiers! load arms!' This being done, he added, 'Fire on any prisoner who attempts to revolt or escape!' We then took the direction of the Western Railway (*rive gauche*) on the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, and having been crammed into goods vans and cattle trucks with scarcely room to breathe, we reached Versailles at about three o'clock P.M., where we found a fresh detachment of soldiers, who escorted the column to the Artillery depôt at Satory. The column marched in and halted. The gates were immediately shut upon us. I happened to be the first of the last four prisoners of the column, and to have been by this circumstance within three or four yards only of the commander of the place, who stood looking at the prisoners with his arms folded, and with two officers beside him. I saw him staring at me, which I attributed to my being the best

dressed man of the lot. Presently he walked slowly up to me, and, measuring me from head to foot with what I took to be a diabolical sneer, said: 'Oh! oh! the Legion of Honour! You got it on the barricade, I suppose!' As I did not know what he meant, I made no answer, when of a sudden I felt a pull at my coat. As quick as thought I brought my hand on it and got hold of his firmly, as he was trying to snatch the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour from my breast, which, in my agitated state of mind, I was not aware I had on.

'You may shoot me at once, captain,' said I, 'but you shall not wrest the ribbon from me.'

'Where did you get it?'

'The President of the Republic, Prince Louis Napoleon, gave it to me.'

'When?'

'On September 21, 1853.'

'How is it then that you were arrested? Was it on a barricade?'

'No, captain—in my own apartment. It is not likely that I should fight for the Commune after being a devoted friend of the Emperor for forty years.'

'Your name?'

The captain looked at me again, and having

joined the two officers, to whom he seemed to relate what had passed, turned round, and in a loud voice said to me, 'Come out of the ranks!' Then seeing a gendarme close by, said, 'Do not lose sight of this prisoner.'

The officer who was in command of the escort was sent for, and I saw distinctly a mark being made on a large sheet of paper which he produced, containing the names of all the prisoners under his guard. The column was divided into several batches of twelve, fourteen, and twenty-four men, which were confined in different parts of the place.

On the column being dispersed, the captain requested me to follow him to a small building close by the entrance-door, which I found to be his office. Hearing that I had not tasted any food for several days save bread and water, he ordered some refreshment to be brought at once, and with great kindness questioned me on my past and present position.

He inquired whether I knew anyone at Versailles to whom I could write and refer to. I named Mons. Grévy (the present President of the Republic), who had been my legal adviser for several years, as the only man whom I was sure was at Versailles. He made me write to half-a-dozen old friends on bits of paper, which had little or no chance of being

delivered, as there was no post at that time. I spent two days in a little room of the office, with a guard at my door. I had a good bed of straw and tolerably good food. The hope of being set at liberty flashed through my mind, but it was of short duration. An order came to send to Versailles all the prisoners who had arrived two days before. The captain came to me and expressed his deep regret at being unable to do more for me. I joined the column such as it was before, and we walked to Versailles, where we were shut up in the 'Caves du Roi,' forty-five steps below the level of the ground, to share the fate of two hundred more prisoners, who happened to be the scum of the insurrection.

The place was damp and dark, as all cellars are. The only light that came in was through a sort of vent hole, some eight or ten feet from the ground and on a level with the street. The cellars had packed straw, six inches deep, spread all over. It was the same straw which had served the Prussians during their stay at Versailles, and it had been so long trampled upon that it was more like dung than anything else. One may easily imagine what this horrible place looked like with six hundred men in it, whose state of cleanliness was not of the first description! Every morning we were obliged to go

into a yard close by, six or seven at a time, to wash in a stone trough, and fetch our loaf of bread and jug of water sufficient for our daily meals. We were packed so close together, that the torture we went through, in the night especially, was beyond endurance.

This state of things had already lasted ten days. No news had as yet reached me from the different persons to whom I had written the few scraps of paper from Satory. It was evident that not one of them had been delivered. Transportation was the only mild form of the *finale* I saw looming in the distance for me.

On June 9, as I was lying down in the fourth cellar at some distance from the entrance door, I heard my name flashing from one prisoner to another as if I was asked for. I got up. 'You are wanted,' said my companion (I had already made a *friend* in that horrible place). I went to the stairs to inquire. A non-commissioned officer asked my name, and requested me to follow him. I was brought before a superior officer, Colonel Gaillard, who questioned me with the greatest kindness, and expressed great surprise at my having been arrested without any reason whatever. 'Besides,' said he, 'the papers seized in your apartment are sufficient evidence of

your political bent of mind to discard any idea of your ever being a Communist. You shall be set at liberty in a day or two. Meanwhile you will be escorted by two guards to Satory, to enter the infirmary, while the formalities are completed for your prompt release.'

On June 15 I was set at liberty by an order signed by Colonel Gaillard. I could not account for this change in my position, which, considering the thousands of prisoners they had to deal with, appeared to me to be rather exceptional, from the readiness with which it was effected. It must have been, I concluded, that one of the scraps of paper on which I wrote from the Artillery depôt to several friends at Versailles had reached its destination; and so it was. One of these, on which I had written 'Je suis prisonnier dans les Caves du Roi,' had been handed to a soldier. The paper was addressed to Mrs. W., an English lady, with whom I had been acquainted for many years when I was in England with my wife, and who was at that time residing with her family at Versailles.

Mrs. W. had been a providence to all the poor people who had had their homes pillaged and burned by the Prussians, and who received from her all she could dispose of to alleviate their misery.

Blankets, clothes, food, and money were generously distributed by this really charitable lady to a large number of the victims of the war. At last the demands for assistance became so numerous, that Mrs. W. found it impossible to meet them any longer. Her charity was taxed to the utmost, and, wishing to put a check to it, she ordered the entrance-gate of the house to be kept closed. The boy, bearer of my note, rang the bell, and showed the paper he held in his hand The servant who answered the bell, thinking it was to ask assistance, refused to take the paper, and sent him away. Undaunted by this cold reception, he came the day following, but with no better result. He ventured a third time to come to the gate, when another servant having followed the first, had the presence of mind to take the paper through the rails of the gate, and, having read it, ran to the house, and gave it to Mrs. W., who immediately called on the Italian Ambassador, his Excellency the Chevalier Nigra, who took the necessary steps to obtain my release. Mrs. W., on her side, was indefatigable in her exertions, and, thanks to her and to the Chevalier Nigra, to whom I shall ever feel grateful for the sympathy and great interest he took in my position, I recovered my liberty.

I was completely in the dark with reference to what had taken place during my imprisonment. I came to the knowledge of it only the day before I left the infirmary, by receiving a letter from Mrs. W. conveying to me the glad news, and forwarding, at the same time, clothes, linen, and other necessaries. I was also indebted to her for the care she took of me during my illness. Low fever was the consequence of the foul air I had breathed so long in the cellars, and which, from the exhausted state I was in, made me an invalid for some weeks.

Anyone perusing these pages will wonder at my having been arrested in such a manner and without apparent reason. There was, however, a special reason for my arrest, connected with private circumstances no longer now of any consequence, and which it is therefore unnecessary to explain. It is enough for me to have given an unvarnished account of the sufferings I endured during those terrible days, and to have enabled the reader, I hope, to catch a glimpse of what Paris really was during the Commune.

THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPIRE.

It would be idle to disguise the difficulty of passing an accurate and dispassionate judgment on the eventful career of Napoleon III., whether we dwell on his advent to the Presidency of the Republic, on the establishment of the Empire, or on the sudden collapse of his reign.

To account for his rapid elevation to the supreme power, it will not be out of place to revert to a fact as indisputable as it was unprecedented, namely, his immense popularity, which was the great lever by which he worked his way to the accomplishment of his designs.

During the thirty-three years that elapsed between 1815 and 1848, the ideas of liberty and self-government had made enormous strides in the minds of the great majority of Frenchmen, who never found in the Governments that succeeded one another the means of obtaining satisfaction to their aspirations.

On Prince Louis Napoleon appearing on the poli-

tical scene, they were startled at first, and while deprecating his daring attempts to upset the existing Government, could not help complacently admiring his chivalrous and adventurous character, denoting at any rate energy and pluck.

Meanwhile, the political ideas of the Prince had made their way among the people, and were found by them to tally with what they expected from a really liberal ruler of their own choice. So it was that the understanding between the Prince and the people, that had begun by a tacit community of principles, showed itself open and irresistible at the first opportunity.

There existed, however, between the Prince and the people a discrepancy of views which, from being slight at first, grew gradually wider until it became a regretful divergency. While the great majority of the people looked upon the Prince as a man unfettered by political compacts of any kind, as the representative of a new policy, and the would-be originator of liberal reforms, the Prince looked upon the majority of the people as being all-favourable to him, not from what they expected from him in compliance with their wishes and cravings, but principally, if not solely, for the prestige of his name.

So boundless was their trust in him that, notwith-

standing his having chosen, when President, the first Ministry from Orleanists and Legitimists, his born enemies, they made every possible allowance for the difficulties of his position with reference to the National Assembly (personally inimical to him to a man), and, confident in his loyalty, stood by and believed in him. Later on, they condoned the expedition against the Roman Republic, and sanctioned by an overwhelming majority the *coup d'état*, that dire and ever to be regretted necessity, to which he was compelled to recur to save the country from an imminent anarchy. It was then expected that he would seize the helm of the State with an iron hand, for the purpose of carrying out those great measures he had advocated, to establish a true and national rule. Despite of the Constitution which had kept down their aspirations, the people gave no sign of open discontent, as was proved by the seven millions of votes given for the establishment of the Empire, which they instinctively felt to be, after all, a mere form of Government, which, like the Republican, may be liberal or tyrannical, vicious or corrupt, virtuous or contemptible.

Unfortunately the President, at the outset of his exalted position, had allowed himself to be thrown into the midst of a compact nucleus of men that had

been in office under former Governments, men whose ideas were *not* in keeping with the aspirations of the people and the progress of the times, retrograde, riveted to routine, short-sighted, prone to repression, and adverse to the smallest expansion of public liberties.

It may be permitted to ask how it was that, President or Emperor, his will often appeared to be set at nought. To the close observer, intimately connected with the Emperor, it will have occurred to remark that his highly superior mind, his chivalrous, daring, fearless nature, were allied, in a wonderful degree, with a most extraordinary power of harbouring within himself the resolves of his mind, lest it should be perplexed or disturbed by inopportune suggestions. One could see that this self-acting aptness to 'silence' was the effect of his primitive simple education, made still more vigorous by his solitary life in the mountains of Switzerland, where he devoted his time to making himself proficient in military matters, and to writing books on various subjects that made him known to the political world. But by an unaccountable feature of his temperament, he was labouring under a great torture whenever he had to stand against suggestions or schemes urged on him on plausible pleas, and

seconded by underhand influences. Worried by repeated attempts to obtain his sanction to what he deemed to be in opposition to his own judgment, the Emperor avoided as much as possible personal communications which would have imperilled his determination had he given to specious arguments the opportunity of taking advantage of his kind, gentle, and confiding nature. Thus it was that, of the many memorable tasks, political, economical, or military, undertaken by the Imperial Government, the most important and successful bear the stamp of having been cast in one and the same mould, as the genuine and spontaneous offspring of a will and resolve unbiassed by contrary advice. Such were the Abolition of Passports, the Crimean War, the Italian Campaign, the repeal of the laws on Coalitions, the Free-trade, all of which point to a great conception on his part, and throw in the darkest background the Mexican Expedition, the Garrisoning of Rome, the Franco-German War, and last, though not least, the fatal suggestion sent from Paris to the Emperor at Châlons, not to retreat to the capital with his corps d'armée, as he intended to do.

The unprecedented power given by the people to the President of the Republic after the *coup d'état* had made him the arbiter of the destinies of France,

and any reform, however radical, initiated by him, would have been hailed by the country as the forerunner of others equally important. By giving the people free institutions with one hand, and by overcoming with the other, all-powerful, the difficulties and obstacles impeding the accomplishment of his views, he would have silenced his enemies, caused them to be regarded by the country as an unpatriotic, factious, and revolutionary opposition, and as such deserted and rendered unpopular.

Absolute power has much in its favour when wielded with decision and firmness, guided by justice, of short duration, and softened by natural goodness; but it has also its drawbacks, inasmuch as it is considered by the majority of the people to be a form of government that makes them familiar and pleased with a tutelage that stifles the spirit of initiative, and throws them into the enjoyment of an indolent selfish life, for which the practice of the duties incumbent upon any man having the welfare of his country at heart has no attraction whatever.

From the Emperor having at the outset of his absolute power made no use of it towards the reorganisation of the Army, in spite of the opposition of the Council of State and of the Corps Législatif, and the establishment of free institutions, the working of

which he would have been able to watch himself, the spirit of the constituency, from being anxious and eager to support the Government by returning to the Assembly members favourable to its policy, gradually cooled down, and became careless and indifferent to the course pursued by it, and allowed a minority of five to take such proportions as to keep the Government in awe ever since.

On this particular point we may fairly say, in justification of the Emperor, that the opposition in the Corps Législatif arose mainly from the abstention of one half of the electors to take any interest in the poll, a fact which not only constituted a dereliction of duty, but evinced a most unjustifiable want of patriotism, as it weakened the Emperor, by leaving him face to face with an unprincipled Opposition.

It is asserted that the causes which led to the fall of the Empire are to be attributed to the liberal reforms of 1870. This, I think, is a great error.

To whatever causes the fact may be ascribed, certain it is that the power of the Emperor had been failing for some time, and had virtually passed away into other hands.

The whole machinery of the State had been, and still was, in the hands of men who had served other

Governments, and showing on every occasion how little they sympathised with the Imperial Government.

Had not the war of 1870 broken out so suddenly, it is possible that the change effected in the form of the Government would have been successful for some time; but sooner or later the evil spirit that seemed to fan the elements of dissatisfaction over the country would have rendered the task most difficult.

The prestige of the Emperor had given place to a feeling that was ominous.

The day of the defeat was the touchstone of the weakness of his Government. The Senate, the Assembly, the Council of State, the Magistracy, the Civil and Military powers were to be found—nowhere!

The Empire fell without resistance, and with such an appalling crash as not even to arouse a single military man to a proper sense of his duty or patriotism (as cataclysms sometimes do), to quell and disperse at once an unarmed, misguided mob, headed by professional agitators, whose names will be handed down to posterity with the stigma they deserve.

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